

# NERVE



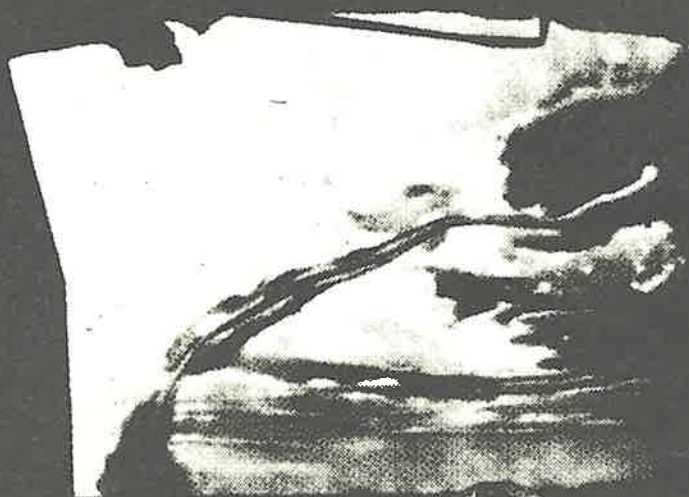
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Back issues available:

APRIL '85: *fried Nerve*—music critics interview/peter hamill/difficult music

JULY '85: *'bigger than jesus'*jesus and mary chain/fred frith/more mods/yellowman/chuck angus/enigmas

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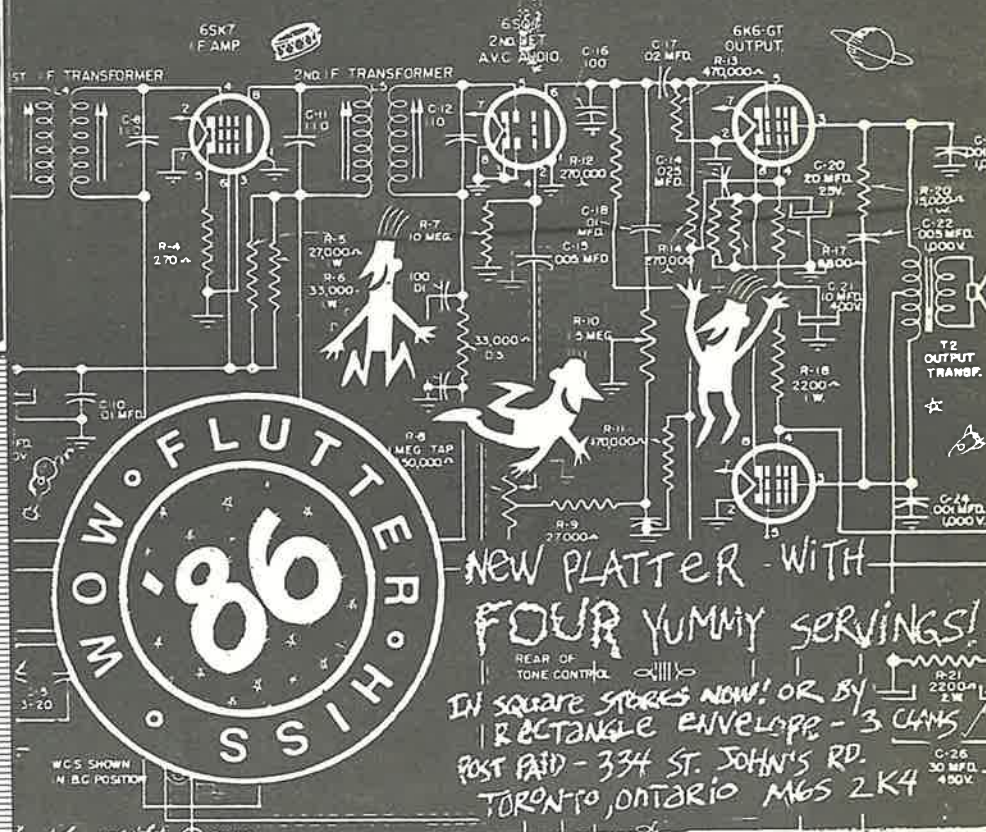
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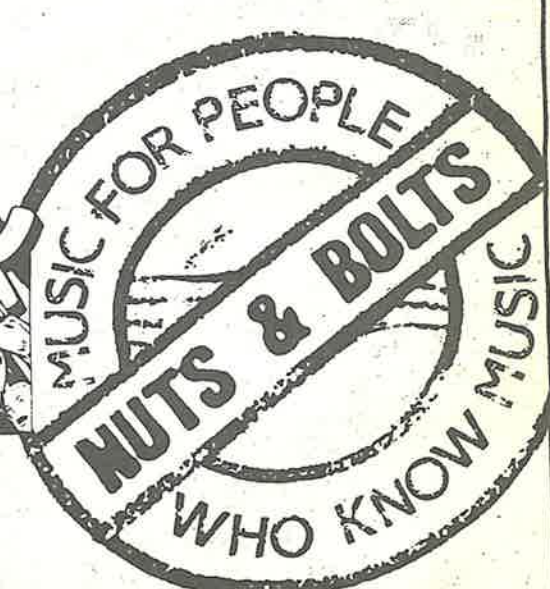
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# ZUCCHINI TIME

## THE LIFE OF BRIAN



SETZER—William

What is the Radiation Ranch?

Brian Setzer: It's a place where the band goes. You know how people go to a Health Farm? Well, you go to the Radiation Ranch to get fucked up. I think of the band radiating.

Going from the Stray Cats to what you're doing now seems be a shift from the 50s to the tremulous electric piano of the late 60s.

BS: I'm into the 60s now. I'm almost up to the 80s.

All these ballads seem a little more natural.

BS: Thanks, I feel that way too. I just couldn't think what else to do with the Cats. We made a couple of good rockabilly albums but I don't know how many more I could have made.

Tonight's show mixed the Stray Cats stuff with the new material really well. You crested just at the right time.

BS: It just took a bit of practice to work out where they fall the best. I didn't want to go for the obvious and play 'Rock This Town' and an Eddie Cochran song at the end. I wanted to prove my own songs—and it's working.

I saw you on 'Toronto Rocks' and you looked bored. What do you think of videos? There seems to be a backlash happening against them, even amongst mainstream artists.

BS: I was so tired because they held us at the border for a long time last night: 'Do you have any nuclear missiles?' 'No, just a couple of anti-aircraft guns but they're for personal use.' I'm into the idea of radio and I always have been. Videos are fun and there's a place for them but I think they've gotten blown out of proportion. But you have to take an interest in making them because if you don't, they're going to look like shit.

Come encore time, I had switched from mild skepticism to outright enthralment. You want to make Springsteen similes but you've got to give Brian Setzer more credit than that. After all, his roots are similar; "just a slob from Long Island," who used a timely tool called rockabilly to get his career rolling.

It's plain that Setzer's specialty is blue collar romance, a turbulent mixture of potent guitar and impotent naivete, and that the Radiation Ranch is the perfect software for creating it: electric pianos courtesy of a former Allman man, more guitar from ex-BMT Tommy Burns, and a bass/drum as tight as jeans stretched to the ripping point. Of course, it is Setzer and his boy-man persona which makes this sort of macho stuff truly appealing. He manages to be raw without alienating, fun without sweetening.

The remarkably un-trendy audience was there to see him rock their town, and he did, whilst craftily injecting his new blood into their old veins. Not that Setzer's abandoned rockabilly entirely; he just uses his favourite bits: sitting back on the heels and taking the elevator up to the high registers of his Telecaster, working the stage with Burns like two hot rods in mid-shift, reaching one threshold and then *ca-chunking* towards another.

Then the flame goes to a flicker, his voice to a whisper and just when you feel the carpet being pulled from beneath you, he'll be moving again—the timing is perfect. And in more ways than one: the market is ripe. The new stuff is broken dreams and broken radios and thoroughly American with a whiff of bullshit: "Father, Son and Holy Ghost, Three guys I love the most."

*The Knife Feels Like Justice* isn't any more novel than the next guy's music, but Setzer's tenacity is a glue designed for holding attention. It's the whole package that sells, like a good air conditioner when you can't find a breath of fresh air. I'm not certain Setzer would be on your radio if he was a new face, but he may as well ride the surf on a new board. He looks good, he can move, and he's sticking to his guns.

Denis Seguin



The stage has never looked so huge and naked. Petite Sahara Spracklin is the bride stripped bare to the leather garters and fishnet most becoming of a dominatrix. In spite of her size, she is a powerful image of contradictions. She seems vulnerable and yet dangerous, the way she swaggers her hips and puckers her lips. She may be the kind of tough girl men dream of but wouldn't want to be seen with. Even before she's tinkered with an amp or uttered a word, she has you folded in her back pocket.

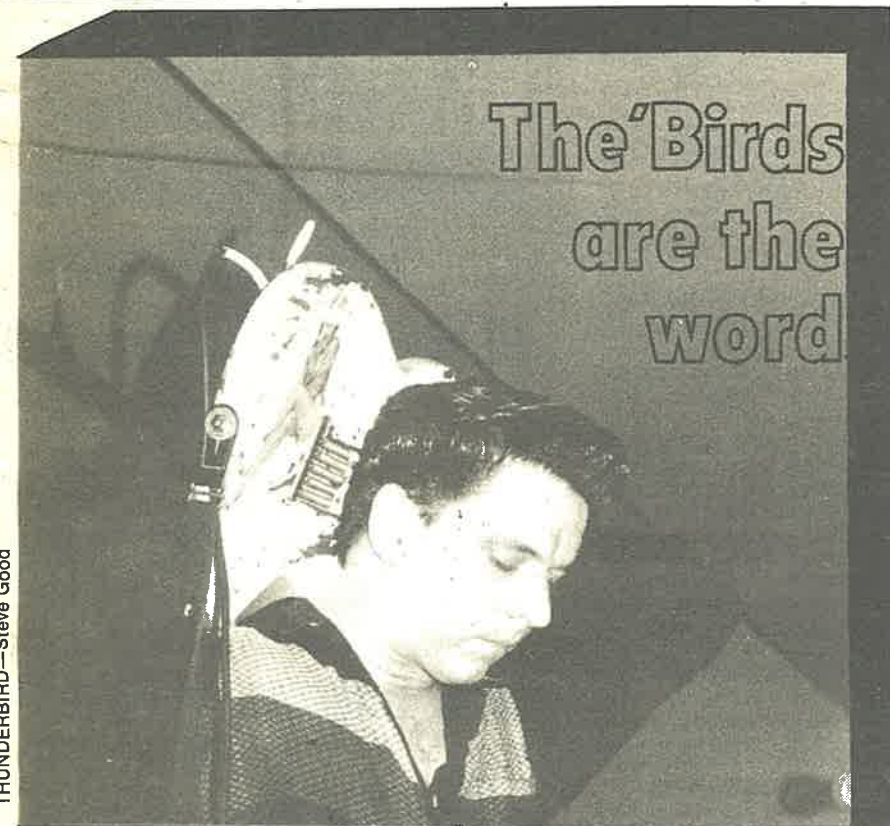
Spracklin has performed in Toronto for five years, yet she remains ignominious. That may be more due to an erratic schedule than the volatility of her performance. Her current audience is populated with other musicians who probably are struck with her passionate frankness. She is truly a creative artist.

Spracklin's show is poetry set to her own wicked electric guitar. Her only theme is that of love and men. In another time she might have been Joni Mitchell, but her songs reach angrier depths. She has the broken heart of an unrepentant sinner. The songs are conversational, poetry in motion. The guitar, used mostly for melody, often rips loud to emphasize another emotional outburst. "Maybe you'd like to (BRAAAAAAANG) me."



Spracklin is completely herself onstage, and lines between her stage persona and her real self are not clear. Most people are more than a little surprised with the candour of her material. But when you can ruffle the feathers of a veteran of Larry's, you're probably doing something quite remarkable. In performance May 13 at the Cameron.

Denis Armstrong



THUNDERBIRD—Steve Good

It's easy to write The Fabulous Thunderbirds off as another in the long line of American Roots bands. What with the slap bass, tangy guitar riffs and basic song structure, it's hard to tell them apart.

But there is a major difference between the Thunderbirds and the newest influx of country/rockabilly/blues bands: *Dues*.

The Thunderbirds have been busting their asses in roadhouses and honky tonks from Texas to Toronto for over a decade.

As Strat picker Jimmie Lee Vaughan puts it with a cool Texas drawl, "We ain't part of any revival. Listen man, we've been playing this shit for over ten years now."

The years of touring can be damn trying at times, but he's still got a passion for gigging.

"You bitch for a while when you're on the road, getting up in the mornings and driving 300 miles to the next gig. It's hard, physical work. But I'm thankful I can make a living playing what I want and not some shit somebody's telling me to play."

The 'Birds are breaking out of the grind with the new album *Tuff Enuff* selling faster than bolo ties on Yonge Street, and a hot video (shot in T.O. with "plenty of sweaty girls").

*Tuff Enuff's* wall-of-blues production is courtesy of veteran rocker Dave Edmunds, a master of smooth, rustic pro-

duction. If Edmunds could put rockabilly on the turntables of America with the Stray Cats, who knows where he can take the Thunderbirds.

"I want to make money," Jimmie Lee says. "If you're gonna make records you may as well sell records. I'm sick of making records that don't sell. The kids are sick of that WHAM synth-shit they're hearing on the radio. They need music that's real."

Literally, the band maintains one major theme: women. Feminists must share a collective wince at Kim Wilson's observations in the song 'Look At That, Look At That': "See them twins in the fishnet hose/I could take either one or both of those." And in the true blues tradition, 'Two Time my Lovin' claims, "Second hand love is better than none, just come home when you've had your fun."

No ambiguity with these boys. Later, Jimmie Lee loosened up after few solid rounds of Jack Daniels and gave me some advice to pass on to guitar players. "See this?" He raises the finger where his wedding band should be. "You tell your wife that you can't play if you're wearing a wedding ring. Then you should have no trouble on the road."

Naturally, he was bullshitting. Hell, the ol' Thunderbirds just want everybody to drink up and have a good time!

Steve Good

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Sunday 4: Talent Showcase featuring Rocket 88

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(comedy Improv soap)

Only Human

(original dance rock)

Wed 7: Lip Service

Hungry Glass

Century's End

Thurs 8: The Red

(Dance Pop)

Fri 9: Robert Priest

& the Great Big Face Band

(rockin' reggae funk)

Sat 10: Blues Jam every Sat! No cover

Blues Band.

later on: Prairie Oyster

(Country Boogie)

Sun 11: Talent Showcase featuring:

Rocket 88

Mon 12: Subterraneans

Laughing Apples

(vegetable men)

Tues 13: A Wedge of Night

Living Room

Rayo Taxi

Zebra People

Wed 14: Imagine

(rock reggae)

Thurs 15: Sheep Look Up

Fri & Sat 16-17: Bratty & the Baby Sitters

Satellite Dances featuring Joan Phillips

Sun 18: Talent Showcase

Rocket 88

Mon 19: Subterraneans

Laughing Apples

Tues 20: A Wedge of Night

Playground (from Winnipeg)

Wed 21: Sleepless

(Rhythmic intercourse)

Thurs 22: Tula

Fri 23: Premier Modelling Presents:

Fashion Flare '86 (7-9)

also: band T.B.A.

Sat 24:

Look People

Neon Rome

Sun 25: Talent Showcase

Rocket 88

Mon 26: Black Perspective presents:

"Ain't Nothin But a Party"

(innovative theatrics)

Tues 27: A Wedge of Night

Grey Area/Tin Drums

Wed 28: Arts Against Apartheid

(pub crawl)

Thur 29: Fith Column

Violence & the Sacred

Fri 30: Mondo Combo

(funky jazz)

Sat 31: Earnest Lee Blues Band (1-5)

then: Shadowy Men on a Shadowy Planet

Living Room/Thuthpenth



## zucchini time

Last year, *Lost in the Stars*, an album of songs by German composer Kurt Weill, performed by artists as diverse as Lou Reed, Tom Waits, Marianne Faithfull, Todd Rundgren and John Zorn, topped a startling number of critics' lists. A remarkable feat for such an esoteric project. While Weill's orchestrations, written mostly for the theatre between the 1920s and the 1950s, has been covered by rock and roll artists before, most notably the Doors, the stunningly eclectic cast of *Lost in the Stars* knocked some people for a loop.

Mastermind Hal Willner is used to the fuss by now. The Weill album is the third in a series, initiated a few years ago with a tribute album to Italian film composer Nino Rota, featuring a cast of various jazz musicians and Blondie. A second, double album arrived in the form of a tribute to jazz monolith Thelonius Monk, and featured a startling array of jazz figures, such as Carla Bley, along side popsters like Todd Rundgren, Peter Dinklage, Chris Spedding and avant-gardists Shockabilly. A remarkable achievement for someone who is basically a drifter in the West Coast music scene. "I'm just one of those guys who pops up everywhere."



WILNER—A&amp;M Records

### Renovating Weill

"If he were living in another time, he wouldn't have a job," said Tom Waits. "He's very curious."

Willner plans only a few more projects, the next of which will be based on Charlie Mingus, and the following on Duke Ellington.

"I think there's a huge audience for this sort of thing, which totally breaks down music classification. I feel that anybody who is a serious music listener...has to have an interest in Jazz, Classical, Rock and Roll, R&B and whatever."

As you'd expect from someone who's worked with such diverse company over the last few years, Willner has some stories to tell. I ask him about Lou Reed, whose version of Weill's world-weary but sentimental 'September Song' was an uncannily perfect choice.

"He said he wanted to be the Rock'n'Roll Kurt Weill. He listened to 'Seven Deadly Sins' daily. You wouldn't think he was an approachable guy, but he is. I made a tape for him and at the end of the tape I put 'September Song,' which everybody had turned down: Tom Waits. Leon Redbone. Captain Beefheart. Never thought he'd go for it."

And what of Tom Waits' version of Weill and Bertolt Brecht's bitter, cynical 'How Can Mankind Survive?' from *The Threepenny Opera*.

"I think Tom is the most exciting thing happening in music today... I think Brecht would have cried if he heard it."

Rick McGinnis

## farm update



Guest Farmer  
Ed 'Green Thumb' Halibutt

As the world turns, the stomach burns, but life on The Farm is for living. And live we will, for the coming months are meant for perspiration, n'est-ce pas? Rejoice, I say, for the fragrant sounds and sights of humming summer, as the sun beats down on Handsome Ned's ten-litre sombrero while, one mo' time, he walks the line, and Groovy Religion contemplate their collective Frisbee Golf handicap, and the Shuffle Demons' elaborate apparel is suddenly passe, and the genuine punk rockers among us are able to make muffled, disparaging comments about the open-air eating habits of R&R Celebrities as they blissfully chew each other's cuds, (metaphorically speaking you understand), and Green Fuse's internationally acclaimed Pop Sensations cruise around in their Sturmobile, punctuating the fervid atmosphere with Celtic expletives and moments of profound silence, and this mortal rag's entrepreneurial intentions come to full fruition with the implementation of our multi-level Kool Aid stand. And of course, plugging into the the Psychedelic Furs is not just forgivable, it's recommended.

I imagine there will be much Inspiration among the perspiration, but nothing quite so heavenly as one particular shard of plastic which slapped me about the head just moments ago. Buyers of the new long playing record by the popular funk group **Breeding Ground** will find a surprise therein. (It occurred to me that rock and roll is very similar to certain breakfast cereal brands. Some 'high fibre' cereal is designed to just zap right through your in-nards, right? 'Instant crap: just add milk.' Get the analogy?) Actually, the new **Breeding Ground** album (brought to you by the fine people at Fringe Product, manufacturers of quality music and enemies of depravity everywhere) contains two surprises: one is the inclusion of their 'Reunion' single which has been out of print for a year; the other is a track featuring the golden larynx of Miss **Molly Johnson** (*Alta Moda*), dueting with **John Shireff** on, get this, a gospel rock song. Yeah, I know. It sounds disastrous, right? Think again, ye heathen dogs. The song, titled 'Happy Now I Know,' is actually quite incredible. Pick up *Tales Of Adventure* and then tell me if you agree. Your bowels will thank you.

When John Shireff gets the urge to 'shake a limb' or two, it's reputed he can be found at the world renowned Silver Crown dance party centre. I wonder what John would think of the club's new Fume Room, soon to be the 'in place' for our city's limb shakers. What kind of electric ambience will this Fume Room cater to? I certainly hope we're not dealing with the sort of Fumes to be found lingering in the air during a Husker Du show at Larry's.

Sorry, that remark was in poor taste, so I'll attempt to vindicate myself by telling you all of the Silver Crown's Second Anniversary party on May 9th & 10th, which will probably continue into the early hours of each morning, and I'll be on my way now.

Smell ya' later.

Ah, yes, with the image of Silver and fumes, the mind again turns to thoughts of excess and summer. And what's more excessive than succumbing to a seasonal BAD HAIRCUT? Some noteworthy victims this month include: **Vital Sines' Terry Michealson**, for his tribute to Oscar Wilde's hang-over; **Kenny**, co-owner of the Horseshoe Tavern, for his precise approximation of a cornfield at harvest time; **The Lawn's Gord Cumming** (we assume the bowl slipped); cartoonist **Al Runt**, for his tasteful pink mohawk (with matching tie and bootlaces); everyone in **5th Column**; country boy **Handsome Ned**, for his work in the field of, ah, minimal dadaist surrealism. Meanwhile, **Nerve!** lad **Dave Rave** refuses to chop his golden locks of flaxen sagebrush until the world stops turning on its axis and recommences spinning the other way.

**Nerve's** award for literary histrionics in Rock promotion goes to cuddly lunatic **Crad Kilodney** for his liner notes to the domestic pressing of **Look People's** *Stop Making Cheese* EP. Crad endorses the record thus: "We must not be deceived into a fatuous conclusion that this album is but an aberration in the polyhistorical progression of aesthetics or the ancillary corollary that its antithesis is but a preferable addendum to the semiotic forces underlying

ing the hopelessly jejeune chrysalis of our cultural matrix. Anyone who thinks so is a big, fat cocky-doozy head!" Crad can now be found peddling his dangerous ideas on the SE corner of Yonge/Dundas.

Many famous people are 'working' 'in the studio' with many other famous people. This is one of the things that makes the crazy world of rock and roll a magical place. Anyway, Parachute Club are famous and so is John Oates. Parachute Club and John Oates are working in the studio. KD Lang is famous, and so is Dave Edmunds. Both these famous people are working together in the studio. And as I've just informed you, Molly Johnson and John Shireff have both just finished working together in the studio, and both Molly Johnson and John Shireff are actually quite famous. Now, I'm famous, and so are The Mentors; but we're not 'working together in the studio.' We are, however, working together for the common good of mankind.

Be sure and sample some of the quality live performances taking place at The Cabana Room (King/Spadina) during the week of their 8th Anniversary Celebration/Benefit. The highlights include **Dundrells** Tues May 27, **L'etranger** Wed 28, **The Lawn/Sunday Drivers** Thurs 29, **Fifth Column/Rheostatics** Fri 30 and **The Ikons** Sat 31. If only life were as eclectic, war and crime would surely discontinue.

Usually this column highlights certain 'eclectic' music events which the genuinely 'hip' (Coll.) reader would plan his giggling activities around. But the truly adventurous music consumer would include some of these performances among their rock 'n' roll nonsense: **Roller Derby** May 3rd at Copp's Coliseum, **The Lords Of The New Church** May 8th at The Diamond, **Barber-shop Spectacular** May 11th at RT Hall, **Monster Arm Wrestling** May 13 at The Brunswick House, **Crucifucks** and **Dayglo Abortions** May 17 at The Bridge, **Ravi Shankar** May 18th at RT Hall, **Celtic Frost** and **Voi Vod** May 24 at the Concert Hall, **Three Dog Night** June 2-7th at The Imperial Room. And after the show, drop by The Fume Room for a nightcap.

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# SMASH HIT

another big whopper from our English agent Nick Smash

DJ's war on 'sick' Sputnik

EXCLUSIVE



SCARRED... Martin displays the seven stitches near his left eye  
Picture: ROY SPENCER

## SPUTNIK'S SINGER BOTTLED BY A FAN

By GARRY BUSHELL

USING Sique Sique Sputnik rock star Degville yesterday showed off the seven stitches in his face after he was hit by yet another violent concertgoer. The group's latest confrontation with fans in London being banned throughout the country, 26, was left with blood pouring down his face after being hit just below the left eye by a fan thrown from the crowd.

Yeah, the fifth generation of rock. As with all generations, they get old and die. One day soon, I fear, somebody in SSS will get the shit beaten out of them. Everybody loves to hate them, simply everybody. Like the Stones employing Hells Angels to police Altamont, SSS taunt a wound-up and desperately frustrated audience with such odious arrogance and petty egotism, I'm surprised no murder has yet occurred. As it is, the least cerebrally gifted member of the group has been arrested for evil deeds resulting in the sewing up of somebody's face.

But jesus, you gotta laugh. Personally, I think they're fucking marvelous. Real bloody 21st Century cabaret right out of your favorite episode of *Star Wars*. Music? Music doesn't even enter into it. These guys aren't of the same sphere you or I crawl around in, miserable failures that we are. SSS are comic book heroes; Britain's answer to Rambo; the new KISS. Imagine that.

Stop the Sputnik T-shirt says MP

ROCK shockers Sique Sique Sputnik were at the centre of a T-shirt storm yesterday.

So, where do we start? Do we single out the obvious Malcolm McClaren *Swindle* procedure, or do we scoff at the utter inability of the band to create a vaguely interesting noise? We could, of course, ignore the whole debacle, allowing that Sique Sique Sputnik are just a bunch of limey yobs out for a laugh; all the way to the bank. 'Love Missile F1-11' was number seven first week of release, number one third week. It sounds like Donna Summer's suicide. So c'mon, if you hate what they say...their hair...their music...their heels...if you hate everything, just jump aboard and join everyone in disclaiming the "unfairness" of SSS. While they fleece the world, of course.

By now, all the civilized world (except Ethiopia) will have heard the SSS platter splatter. But at this point the music matters not at all, because it's basically shit, a free-form novelty top ten wank...blaahh. Yet the corporate structure of SSS and EMI seem to be skinning the world (or at least drooling Britannia) pretty close to the bone.

"We fleeced EMI for four million quid—what have you done this week?"

★★★★

James seems to be the prime protagonist of this Sputnik thing which has blasted the charts, but it is singer Martin Degville who has stricken the wonderful pop tabloids down on Fleet Street. The tour started with a bang, and old Marty pants was off, running off at the mouth to anyone who would listen. He likes to swear, crack racist jokes and insult the audience at every opportunity. Radical, non? I guess it's his job, being lead singer and all.

This has offended some people, who when placed in front of SSS tanked up with ten pints of best, transcend into Super Hooligans. Cans, beer glasses and abuse are launched at the band. Some of it bops young Martin in the head, so he runs off to sell his 'story' to the Fleet Street gutter press. Life goes on as the Fleet Street floozies flop around "Sick Sick Sputnik".

You see, SSS have no wish to appeal to the average consumer who sits in his room cross-legged listening to the Smiths. SSS want the bigger things in life. They have to take this thing too far: they have to die but quick.

They'll release an album, and either expire from hairspray fumes or become a faceless corporation among the others that EMI own worldwide. But Tony James is smart—that's why he smiles a lot. On my recent visit to SSS Central, James was seated next to a very pensive lawyer munching on a whole wheat sandwich (with lettuce), and could you ever smell the wood burning, brother! Calendar open, full days of work and play, big offers of money and Johnny Carson...

## Sputnik's show is a riot

Every cell in your body is screaming. Several bodies. Several screams. The band are due to play on Saturday, said: "The T-shirts are repulsive. The police should intervene before grave offence is caused."

They were confronted by the most glamorous person complete disgrace and will certainly never appear again.

### Pleas

Sputnik lead singer Martin Degville said Mr Bruinvels was "out-of-date and old-fashioned."

THE group's concert in Cardiff tomorrow will go ahead despite pleas from worried councillors for it to be cancelled.

They fear a fresh outbreak of the trouble that has marred Sputnik's British tour.

Bizarre on Sputnik  
—Centre Pages



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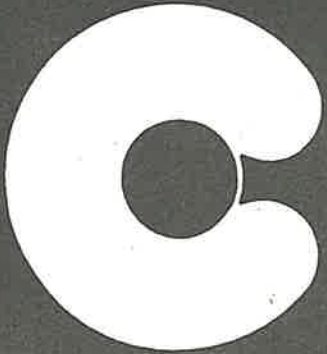
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# On The Level

LEVEL 42—Steve Ralph (l-r: King, Lindup, B. Gould, P. Gould)



There are some who consider Level 42 the greatest funk band of our time. Tougher than Chic, less self-indulgent than Prince, they have appealed to a varied cult of bass lovers.

But to sell out three nights at Massey Hall last month? Surprising. Most of all to the band itself.

"We were shocked," says drummer Phil Gould over a lunch of fruit salad and coffee. "It's a weird feeling to breeze into a new country and sell out. It's amazing really."

'Amazing' sums up Level's performance here, particularly dynamic bassist Mark King. His thumb, wrapped in black electrical tape, battered the bass strings into willful submission, reeling off the intricate lines that are the base of most of Level's songs.

On a few occasions the young crowd burst into loud approval when King played a particularly neat riff. Not bad for a guy who only started messing about with a bass because the music stores where he worked in London didn't carry drums. Now they call this guy "Thunder Thumbs."

"Mark's great," insists Gould. "We have rhythmic concepts that are so opposite, yet they work together. Even though he's flying about and playing a lot of notes, we read each other."

There's a more practical reason for the band's emphasis on a bass sound that shakes right through your high-tops.

"When we started, he was just learning his way around the bass," says guitarist Boon Gould. "The best way for me to deal with that was to play little fills in between. That's how 'our sound' came about."

This sound has taken some time to arrive at—five albums in six years. And while the British singles charts have an infallible way of reducing a sound or style to the lowest common denominator, the new album *World Machine* manages to plough its own course, regardless of the company it keeps.

"When we write music we don't listen to outside influences. 'Something About You,' (the group's

chart-topping single) was written like anything else we've ever done; very spontaneous."

The song was certainly a high-point in a night that started slow due to a flaccid opening performance by the band Cats Can Fly and three or four bouncers who probably haven't smiled or seen their toes in years.

"We have problems with security being a bit oppressive. But we've hopefully sorted it out," said Gould.

Ironically, the crowd outweighed the bouncers during the band's anthem 'The Chant Has Begun (Spirit of the People)'

"People recognize that the song said 'go for it.' They wanted to stand up and dance but they were being told to sit down."

Phil Gould is an awesomely capable drummer, pounding out swift, solid grooves which became banal only during a curiously out-of-place solo. Keyboard player Mike Lindup filled out the sound with layered orchestration and some fancy emulator scat.

Still, the most often-voiced criticism of Level 42 is they lack soul.

"It depends on what you define as soul," says Boon. "Everyone has a soul in their being. Maybe Mark doesn't sing like a great black singer. But he plays with conviction. We all do. We like to punch it rather than groove along. That's our soul."

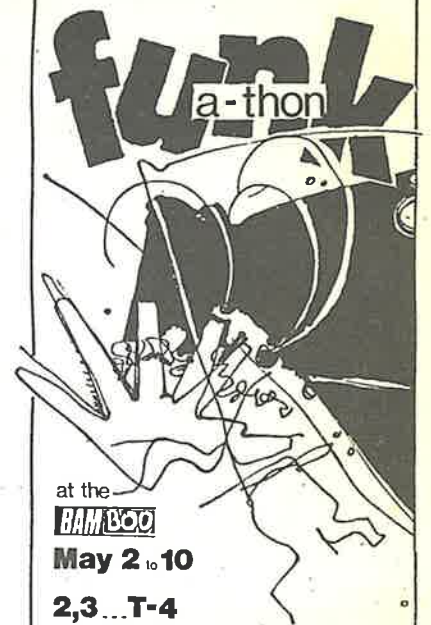
Since Level's sound is best appreciated anatomically, their statements are unfortunately overlooked. 'The Machine Stops' conjures up vivid images from E.M. Forrester's classic essay.

"One subject I really enjoyed in school was English," says Gould, the band's primary lyricist. "The book *20th Century Short Stories* really blew me away. I couldn't stop reading it. But I didn't want to tell Forrester's story directly, just allude to it. Our lyrics are very much part of what's going on in life. In the past year there were a lot of things happening in and around the band that led to a lot of pain. So some of our songs discuss alienation and fragmentation of nations and people. Even though we have a glossy production there's still a lot of angst involved. It's always been that way with the band. If you write a love song it has to be something you've dealt with personally. You have to know what it feels like..."

"Touring is something you can't get any inspiration from. It's like driving down a dark tunnel. You meet people but you don't get to know them. It's all very surreal. Sometimes I find myself creating arguments with people just to get a reaction from them."

1986 has been the most hectic year in Level 42's history.

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"But it's been totally fulfilling," says Gould. "Next year we'll have a chance to stretch out and do other things. It's always healthy to discover more about how you see music. You can bring that back to the group."

This month sees the band touring through America, then off to Europe for the summer festivals. They'll record their seventh album in the fall.

"Until things get finalized in the studio I can't say what it will be like," offers Boon. "But it should be a hard-hitting album."

**Dan Hughes**



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# SECOND ANNIVERSARY BASH!



# Banshees beat a different drum

## Nick Smash Dusts Off The Banshee Legend

The best parody of Siouxsie these days is the image of Siouxsie herself. The loyal legions with their Rush patches and goth hair come out in droves to gawk at The Banshees as they plod through their dark and moody music. Black velvet backdrops, black hair, black super-effected guitar, black flanged bass (how cliché!), black powerful drums (Budgie is always a joy) and, of course, the flapping Siouxsie, straining to live up to being Queen of the Goths status. Welcome to their fright-mare.

It happens all the time: after spending about a decade in the business bands seem to develop a very sensitive attitude toward themselves. Certainly Banshees Severin and Carruthers were blatantly dismissive when the topic of negative criticism and journalists like NME's Chris Bohn/Biba Kopf came into our conversation.

The Banshees figure they can make good enough money playing what they're playing which is fine, fair enough. The problem is, somewhere along the way, probably during the horrible *Hyeana*, they lost the edge. Simple as that.

But the tombs that mark the Banshee crypt are full of wonderful remnants of records gone by. *The Scream*, *Join Hands* and *Kaleidoscope* are classics; LPs like *Ju Ju* and *Kiss in the Dreamhouse* are patchy and show the band beginning to rehash older Banshee ideas. One bright spot in the Banshees' later output is the brilliant *Thorn* EP which combined an orchestra with Banshee material from the first album, a very well executed idea, one which they should continue exploring.

The new album is called *Tinderbox*. It's basically what you'd expect, and very little else. I asked Severin if there is any single theme behind it.

"Not really. It's more of a song album, it was all written and recorded in a month, which is a devastating concept for us."

John Carruthers: "Some of the songs are about how the weather affects personality."

Severin: "This one is much stronger than our last album. There were songs on *Hyeana* that should have been three minutes long, but they rambled because we were in the studio all the time. These songs for *Tinderbox* are honed down to within a bar of perfection."

Carruthers: "Which bar was it anyway?"

Severin: "They were all painstakingly worked out. Some of them happened quite quickly, others took weeks and weeks."

Carruthers played in the Sheffield band Clock DVA and has been with The Banshees for two years. Carruthers was writing profusely for Clock DVA but realized that he wasn't going to get anywhere.

"We had a backlog of songs, but no lyrics, and an invitation to join The Banshees came at a most opportune moment."

Was it easy for you to fit into the Banshee mode?

"In hindsight it didn't seem to hard, but I remember going through loads of headaches trying to get along with members of the band and learning parts. I suppose I coped alright; I'm still here."

When The Cure's Bob Smith filled in on guitar for 1979's *Join Hands* tour (after original drummer Kenny Morris and guitarist John McKay both quit after a disagreement with the promotion of that album), a regular Banshee trait of employing and losing guitarists as frequently as Severin bleaches his hair was initiated. The Cure man has been a 'member' twice; John McGeogh (ex-Magazine, now of the Armory Show) probably gave the Banshees their best sound, and of course, John Carruthers has the most recent lease on the prestigious crown.

"*The Scream* was almost like our second album as far as material was concerned. We ditched a lot of songs which never really saw the light of day," says Severin, reminiscing about the Banshee's eclectic repertoire. "That one and *Join Hands* weren't exactly the most enjoyable albums to make because we didn't know what we wanted. So we spent most of the time arguing."

How much did Steve Lillywhite participate in the proceedings?

Sev: "Basically, he stuck two mikes up in the air and we brought in albums like *The Idiot* and *Low* and told him that's how we wanted the drums to sound like. All the

songs were worked out before we had all the ideas...where we wanted acoustic guitars and sax parts. We really co-produced it with Steve. It took us about a week to record all the backing tracks and about a month to mix it because we couldn't believe how bad it was.

"We kept remixing it and remixing it until we got it right and subsequently, we parted on bad terms with Steve."

1981's *Kaleidoscope*, their first album after McKay and Morris left, saw drummer Budgie join the ranks. This is my favorite album; the singles 'Christine' and 'Happy House' were brilliant pop records and encompassed what I think is the absolute appeal of the Banshees. It was a perfect combination of the sombre mystery of the first two albums and the lightheaded pop element they hinted at in tunes like 'Hong Kong Garden' and '20th Century Boy'.

We wanted to make an album like *Satanic Majestys Request*: really berzerk. At that time we had started to write around my bass lines and Budgie's drumming and we wanted to steal ideas from the 60s which nobody had used for a while. We wrote a different style of song every day, so we really had to think differently about how to go about writing and producing when McKay and Morris left."

The album was produced by Nigel Gray who at the time was turning the Police into silly putty. By the time *Ju Ju* was to be recorded, the band had installed John

McGeogh firmly into the ranks and all four were contributing equally to the music. Some people (including Severin) agree the songs on *Ju Ju* are superior to those on *Kaleidoscope*. Personally, I think *Ju Ju* is the beginning of a long downward spiral that doesn't seem to have ceased to plummet. 'C-C-C-Candyman' is atrocious.

*Kiss in the Dreamhouse* came and went and the repetition of Banshee ideas became Banshee clichés. The band doesn't even acknowledge *Hyeana* as "Robert was always going off to be a pop star with The Cure."

So here we are with Severin and new boy Carruthers seated in front of me and according to Severin "we're back to an equal four way partnership."

Last October, I saw them play in London soon after Siouxsie damaged her leg, and I was surprised to see more than half the audience sporting cut up jean jackets with Rush and Def Leppard patches on them—the other half of course, had the tired look of enforced death, black hair and the pallor of Casper. Are you ready to rock? Severin tells me they often get Hells Angels coming out to gigs and being generally quite polite.

Well, they're playing T.O. May 22, if you know any polite Angels looking for an evening of progressive entertainment, and the new album *Tinderbox* is out as I speak. Go see and go buy, I suppose.



BANSHEES—Polydor U.K.



l-r: Danny Poulos,  
Paul Sannella,  
Jimmy Scopes,  
Richard O'Brien,  
Randy Charlton,  
David Stern,  
Nora Gibbs,  
Joe Freid,  
Craig Morrison,  
Herb Tookie,  
Jack Ross...  
pic: Rick McGinnis



By  
Nancy  
Lanthier

It was a good winter for the managers of Toronto's downtown rock clubs; more people saw more bands in more square feet of prime club turf than ever before.

But as one of the Horseshoe owners was asserting that business this summer will "blow the lid off of any other year," and his comrades nodded their wise heads in agreement, the ex-owners of the Holiday were nailing the last board over their half-million dollar mistake. Meanwhile, Queen Street's relentless 'redevelopment,' the scourge of the sleepless that's spreading like margarine on whole-wheat, is devouring that sense of community intrinsic to the area's charm and unique appeal.

Granted, the rock club scene is pretty decent at the moment (despite the Olympian price of drinks); the consensus around this fort is that when we're hankering for good live music, we can usually find it. The local music scene has undoubtedly progressed over the past year, and a vigorous club circuit was its primary source of inertia.

Still, when you go to a downtown club to absorb the strumming and bopping therein, what does the club mean to you, other than four walls from which your chosen sound rebounds? For that matter, what does it mean for the people who run them? Like any other business venture, clubs exist to make money; these guys aren't busting their butts 'til after 2 a.m. every night as a public service. *Nerve's* curiosity was gradually aroused: What makes a club successful, and what makes a club go bust? What makes one club a second home, and what makes another club a hell hole?

The criteria for representation at this forum was simple: the downtown clubs had to present live rock'n'roll with local bands and exist for more than seven months. To be honest, I forgot to ask someone from the El Mocambo, which I presume shows the state they're in.

**Richard O'Brien** of *Bamboo* fame was late; he could have been decorating his club's rooftop terrace, where they're planning on a beautiful-people door policy this summer ("We want a space where people aren't accosted by yahoo awareness.") Three years ago, he and Patti Habib turned an abandoned warehouse into a Caribbean wigwam—and a tabula rasa for the spirally Barbara Klunder—with a ridiculously small initial budget. Now the place epitomizes the Yorkville West mentality bulldozing through Queen St. Weekends are strictly for horny sardines, and even Richard advises to steer clear of the place.

Today **Danny Poulos** is the proud co-owner of the renovated *Cabana Room* in the Spadina Hotel—a snazzy den for this afternoon's forum. The club as we know it became OCA's version of the Rock Revolution back in '78, when venues for alternative music consisted of scummy warehouses and basement parties (with the exception of the 'punk rock' Horseshoe Tavern and The Garys' groundbreaking Edge club, the template for most of today's rock clubs). All the New Wave Personalities did time at the Cabana. **Jimmy Scopes**—56-years-old and a dyed-in-the-wool fan of Toronto's alternative rock—books the bands, sends out the press releases, pours the shots and cleans the ashtrays. The Room has an excellent atmosphere and great bands, many of which have made the Cabana Room their second home.

The back room in the *Cameron* used to be for ladies with escorts only—the place has been there for so long. Just ask big Karl, a Cameron regular for 45 years. **Herb Tookie**, **Paul Sannella** and his sister Anne Marie had a remarkable vision five years ago: to provide a space for people to live and work, a place where various cultures could hang out together. "It was a fluke, really," says Paul. Their enthusiasm for new art makes for some cosmic daydreams, and has certainly punched awareness of the local art scene into some closed minds. I Braineater's piano job ties me in knots. Before The Cameron House became renowned as an "art bar," it actually was an art bar, where hepcats hung out to debate Yes vs. No, and so on. Musically, the back barn is eclectic, durable and nutritionally sound with the best house bands and the hippest bar staff in the city.

Entrepreneur Pat Kenny, owner of the Cat Club among other New York warm spots, took a big risk when he injected a bit of N.Y.C. in Toad Town two years ago. The Diamond Club, Toronto's first 'New York Style Dance Club,' was an instant success. Four other mega-clubs have followed saddled the bandwagon since. To keep the cashflow steady, **Randy Charlton** and **Jack Ross** began booking bands, and serious promoting results in packed floors for locals like Paul James, Images In Vogue or Blue Rodeo. As for some of the hokey band reunions they've

mother. Intimate surroundings, a serious drinkin' patio, good ligs.

The manager of *Lee's Palace*, the Queen Street extension on Bloor, is 22-year-old **Craig Morrison**. Recently expelled from U of T because attending class wasn't on his agenda, he admits he knows diddly-squat about music. Lee's doesn't own their PA system so they frequently make bands pay to play. And if a band gets on Mr. Lee's case, chances of them playing there again are slim (some bands simply aren't allowed to play there). Lee's used to be the Oriental Palace, a surreal cabaret hall where acrobatics took place in cages on the stage—the very same stage that today brashly bears a monstrous mural by the salamander man Runt.

Seven years ago, two innocent lawyers; **David Stern** and **Andre Rosenbloom** were cajoled into opening The Queen Mother restaurant with the owner of Le Select, who pulled out before the place opened. Not having a clue what they were doing proved a successful formula; a few years later, they took over Soho At The Mets. Stern and Rosenbloom have built the *Rivoli* into the definitive Queen Street club. Embracing stunning eclecticism—from the sonic Theatre Kathartic to the space cadet Jesus Alone—between showcasing the best Toronto bands, the Rivoli has the most exciting, unnerving booking policy in the city.

## Club Sandwich

booked, it's alleged that the club provides a few cases of Ovaltine and Multi-vitamins instead of the customary beer and champagne. The Diamond's floor personnel are legendary, and the parties are a gas. Excellent sound for live acts.

In its heyday, *The Horseshoe* had a weekly bus service to the Nashville Opera House, and Stompin' Tom Connors was a regular attraction. YEEHAW! Since 1947, ownership had changed hands more times than Boyd Gang feuds, before X-ray, Kenny and Richard Cook took over two and a half years ago. According to manager **Nora Gibbs**, the team has increased business threefold. Not nearly as wild as it could be (who remembers matinees with Youth Youth Youth, The Sidewinders or Bangkok?), The Horseshoe has the safest booking policy on the street. Enter promoter Derek Andrews, ex-Albert's Hall man to bring in the likes of Koko Taylor and Buddy Guy. Great sound, cool dancefloor, and you gotta dig those '78s.

**Joe Freid** is a powerhouse and Dave Rave wants to grow up to be just like him. There's a rumour going around that Joe once took a coffee break. In the good bad days, punk reigned supreme at *Hotel Isabella*; any groups doing time at The Turning Point paid their dues at the Lower East Side. After a historic riot wherein the spikey, spunky punks took on the Issy's employees, punk was banned. Like the Cameron, the Issy has a colorful supply of regular daytime caricatures to introduce to your

**S**o, let's get down to business: selling suds. *Larry's* has gone Heavy Metal because exhaustive studies show that these creatures swill the most of any lifeform. When pop poseurs *Kinetic Ideals* attempted to secure a gig at the Horseshoe, they were turned down because they weren't a drinkin' man's band. Are the drinking habits of a band's audience the main criteria for booking the bands?

Morrison: It's the only criteria.

Freid: That's not the only reason we book a band. It's not always artistically motivated, but I think all of us here are interested in sound.

Ross: But we all have to pay the rent.

Stern: Alcohol pays for a lot. It's unfortunate. But if we didn't sell it, we wouldn't have the freedom to book bands. It gives you much more flexibility.

Who are the drinking bands these days?

Morrison: Nobody drinks. (General agreement)...There's just a couple types of music to stay away from. Jazz fans don't swill them back by the case load; punks can't afford to, and reggae isn't that big, though the Bamboo certainly survives. Open a country bar and you'll be in fine shape.

Charlton: Matt Minglewood, BTO, David Wilcox, The Band: these guys make serious money on the bar.

Stern: We're not concerned if the audience drinks a lot or not. As long as there's an audience for what they do.

Freid: Sometimes it's pretty obvious though. Paul James fans drink. Cameo Blues fans drink. Handsome Ned fans certainly do drink. But there's so many variables we're working with that a clear option doesn't lend itself often. I stay away from young bands because they wanna take your bar apart, they've no respect for anything don't want to deal with them as human beings. I don't care how much they'll bring in at the bar. Rent or no rent.

**T**he managers say running their clubs is easier these days, mostly because the venues are better known; their reputations have solidified. The majority of these entrepreneurs had no experience in running a club when they began; now at least they've some grasp on their purpose in life. Though the competition has definitely increased, business hasn't let up; for the most part, it's been better.

Charlton: The stigma of being the "newest club" was huge the first year we opened, but it sure dissipated quickly—and so did the crowds. The emphasis on live music in Toronto gave us a way of surviving. Now we just use the weekends for the big-dollar dancing. Is this summer going to be big? This winter has been huge for us. We did figures on the weekend that blew away the summer we opened. We just sat there wondering why.

Poulos: There are a lot of bands now and much more public participation in what those bands are doing.

Stern: The venues begat the musicians and the broader scene has generated a bigger audience.

*Craig Morrison says he's not apprehensive about the new Bridge Club that has moved in on the block, citing that its success would mean more people on Bloor St. But there's the question of saturation. Isn't there enough live music happening? Is it going to be extremely difficult for the new clubs to establish themselves?*

Charlton: There's enough business in this city to keep everyone going. Toronto is booming right now.

Stern: It's a question of scale. The Pinetree or downstairs at The Paddock weren't very costly clubs to start. It just takes enterprise. If you want to start another Bamboo, like the Holiday, then yes, it's going to be difficult. You have to guess right on everything and be a blockbuster from the word go.

Morrison: If you're constantly thinking 25 hours a day and you put some thought into it beforehand, you can pull it off. After 7 months, Lee's is surviving without too much difficulty at all. I wasn't even let into bars five years ago; so I don't think you have to be some New York club owner with 15 years experience to make a go at things.

Ross: It's a lot of hard work and luck. And a few ulcers before you get there.

Charlton: You have to be open-minded and willing to take risks.

Are international acts usually more lucrative than local bands?

Charlton: We had the Waterboys in a while back. It was a big worry, a lot of work, and it ended up paying off. But Paul James, who plays around town constantly, came in on Monday and jammed the place on very little investment. It's hard to say what was more lucrative.

Stern: You're not really making more money



with international acts; you're getting more impact.

Charlton: A fairly well-known international act is an automatic hook for the press. It's hard to estimate in dollars just how much you gain from an article.

Scopes: We do good with the Buffalo bands. They pack the place.

Imagine seeing Danny Poulos snappin' his fingers and jivin' to The Lawn, or Herb Tookie wiggling out with The Garbagemen! You never see any of these guys getting into the music. Do they like local sounds?

(Long pause)

Sannella: Frankly, my knowledge of music beyond the Cameron walls is pretty limited. I don't listen to radio or much international stuff. I don't know what's happening. Yes, I do enjoy a lot of local performers.

Scopes: When we started I wasn't into it. But after all these years of hearing, I find it very interesting and most of them have a lot of talent. There's a lot of good bands.

Freid: I can't believe how many good things go on in this city, and how many good things get ignored in the shuffle because we chose to get behind one thing. We all have our little specialties. That night at the Diamond blew me away! It was a rush to see 800 people out for Paul James.

Charlton: There's so much good stuff out there! If you can't make a club work it's because you're no good at what you're doing.

What happened to The Holiday? How did three reputable club managers end up almost \$200,000 in debt less than half a year after opening?

Gibbs: You only spend money when you've got it to spend.

Stern: If you want to make that corner work (Queen/Bathurst), you have to take into account what's there right now. You have to do something that will accommodate the people in the area; not try to make it into an alien planet. All they had to do was open it and maybe clean it up a bit.

O'Brien: The renovations should have been done after they'd been floating awhile. Stick with keeping your head above water at least for the first six months. That's the struggle. They also had to deal with huge rent: It's higher than anywhere else on Queen St.

But the new guys moving in have a really bad concept: Bringing a piece of Mississauga to Queen Street! I'll eat my words in six months.

The new guys on the block are none other than the owners of Ballingers Danceteria, Burlington's mega disco, which, like the Suzie Sheer and Pizza Pizza corps., dumps thousands of dollars into luring the mighty CFNY demographic. How do you think a place like Ballingers will affect Queen St.?

Tookie: Things won't change on the basis of the Holiday, things will change on the basis of the downtown and waterfront redevelopment as a whole. Give it another ten years and this area will be a lot more gentrified.

Stern: I'm disappointed with the direction it's taking. A couple of years ago, Queen St. W. was a place where people lived. Now the rents are too high, the community is dissipating. There's

nothing you can do about it. That's what happens when an area becomes popular; people see the potential because of the traffic.

Gibbs: We don't have any regulars on Friday and Saturday night; they've all left and they'll never come back because we're getting so many yuppies and suburbanites. They've caused so many problems.

Freid: Frankly, when I walk into our Cameo Lounge on Saturday night, I don't want to recognize anybody. I like it best when we're drawing a lot of different people from lots of different spaces. Then I know we're doing our job right. If it's just regulars, then it's not moving.

O'Brien: The weekends are your bread and butter; you learn to put up with the suburban traffic. I actually go out of my way to tell people not to come to the club on the weekend. I try not to, but I have to be there. But that crowd gives you the freedom to do whatever you want during the week.

A few months ago, the Toronto Star printed a story, ostensibly on The Holiday, in which the breweries where accused of bribing club owners into buying their brand of beer. One manager of the club spilled quite a few beans to the paper, on the subject of the perks involved in buying draft beer in kegs.

Stern: I thought that lady was a real stupid person.

Morrison: Did you hear they audited her the next day?

O'Brien: (The breweries) are not corrupt at all. They're trying to do business. In the States, bribery is way more common. I ran a jazz club down there and at one point it was like, buy three kegs, get one free! Anything you want!

Ross: That's the way it should be up here. Unfortunately, it's not. There's no room for competition in the LCBO so they just send these reps down who try to make a hard sell.

O'Brien: They had Happy Hours for a quarter! Was Happy Hour a good thing?

Charlton: It decreased your profit and increased the amount of people walking out of our place early in the evening. I never found it brought me more business—I was losing because the deal on drinks was ridiculous.

Talk ensued about the difficulty of working around a system run by the government, in terms of ordering and receiving deliveries when they're needed. What really angers these managers is the food and liquor ratios.

O'Brien: It's an archaic law, invented the same time as Men and Women With Escorts' Rooms.

Stern: It's completely hypocritical because it has nothing to do with discouraging heavy drinkers. You can sell booze to people who don't eat.

Charlton: It's like forcing people to eat. Granted, you should make food available to them, but we don't open til 8 p.m. Not a lot of people are still hungry at that time. They say, 'that's the cover charge? I have to eat something before I enter?' There's no way around it; we're scrambling every month.

cont. on page 17

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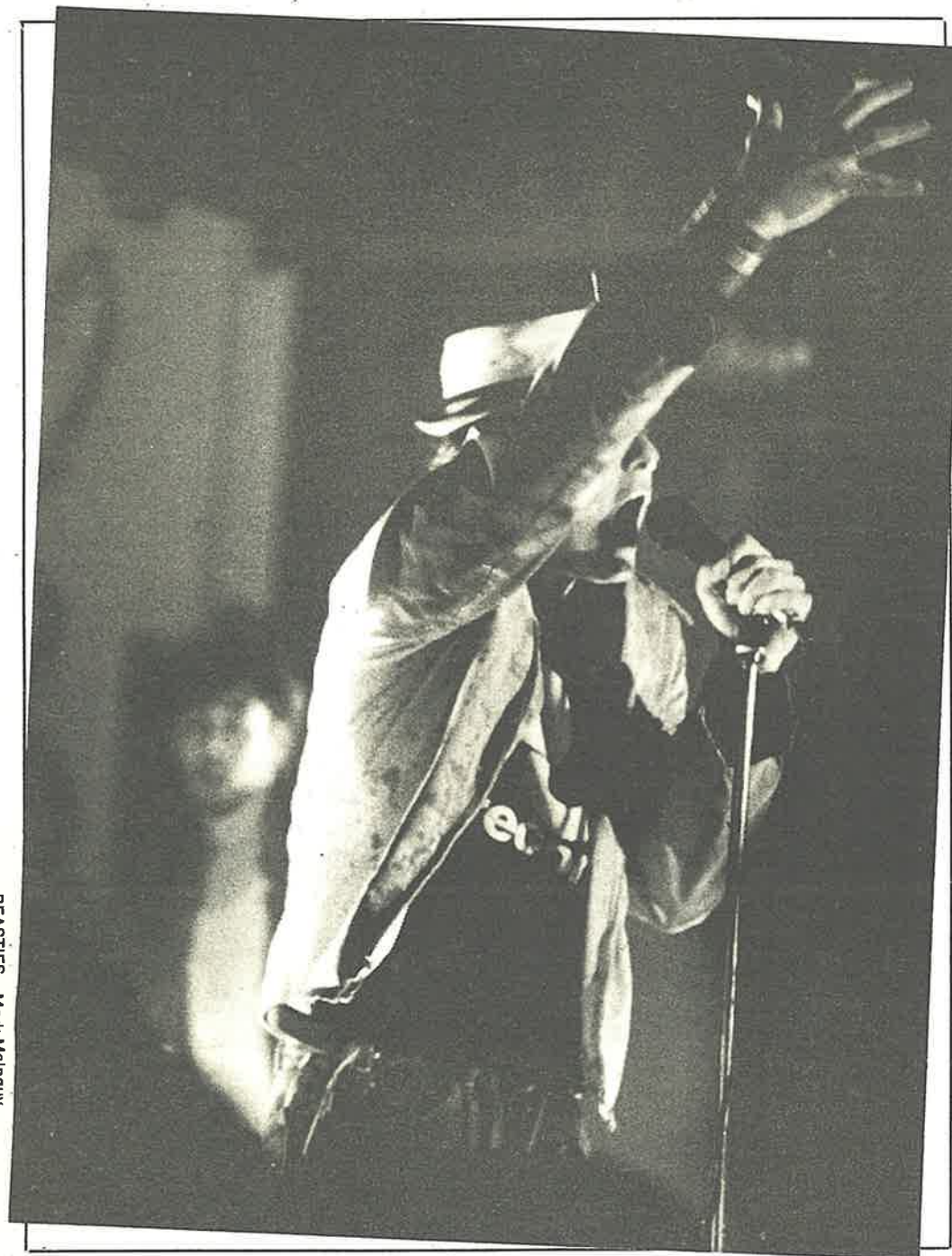
ACROSS FROM EATON'S CENTRE

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in the



BEASTIES—Mark Malinay

## belly of the Beasties

The Beastie Boys are bitch!  
Um, sorry. The Beastie Boys appeared here in London recently courtesy of groovy New York company Def Jam and CBS Records and quite excited me.

Hey kid, wanna million dollars so we can make us all a lot more? Thus Def Jam's Rick Rubin and Russell Simmons 'sold out' and mega-hyped the world on The Beasties. L.L. Cool Jay and the sound of mayhem New York City wise.

A tree time was had by all as Def Jam and a good half dozen acts blasted away the posing crowd of aging punk stars craning their necks to see the new boss. Paul Simonon, Mick Jones, Tony James, and Boy George were all hanging out getting photographed and generally being British.

Yes! Cool, aloof and oh so terribly hip at the same time meant that the boys from N.Y. showed them to the door... Such noise! Such racket! Such punk rock as I haven't heard for years.

Punk? Yeah, it's ten years on and everybody's doing a fucking retro on the memory of a rancid fad.

Get on it! Yesterday's punk has lost all its hair and it's stealing from the REAL thing. Mick Jones' B.A.D. have taken from N.Y. and Go Go and, in their own puny way have given something back. B.A.D. are good because they've taken a fun element of hip hop and Go Go and applied it to standard rock—although in the end it's only watered down Go Go and Hip Hop.

Anyway, Def Jam, right? The whole label came over and I got on it and hustled my way into this 'private party.' What I saw was the Beastie Boys (3 of 'em) trashing everything—everything in sight—screaming "BITCH!" at each other and at the crowd and Christ what a terrific noise it was—shitty guitar solos and all!

Young, spotty and rude, they've managed to at the same time upset purist rap fanatics and stomp one the toes of stuffy rock journalist. Their attack is no attack and of course they'd laugh at you if you said they were punk, but hey, even Mick Jones has called their act 'punk.' Whaddaya know?

Nick Smash

**B**ack around the turn of the decade, some British outfit—I think it was Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark—began billing themselves as "the only band that matters." It sounded pretty pompous at the time, but the philosophical base of that statement has become the yardstick by which I measure all music: sure it sounds good, but does it matter?

After thinking long and hard about the question, the inescapable fact is there are only three bands who currently matter: Menudo, the Mentors, and the Beastie Boys. There's no room for speculation—three bands, that's it.

Menudo matters for reasons of integrity. While every independent label has not very subtly turned into a farm team for the majors—Husker Du on Warners, Replacements on Sire, Motown about to sign the Butthole Surfers—Menudo has steadfastly resisted the corporate call, preferring to operate and distribute Tyke Records completely on their own. As Jimmy Menudo pointed out, "these A&R peckerheads don't seem to understand that money is not an issue."

The Mentors matter because they're pop's most heroic practitioners of art's outlaw stance; heirs to Dostoyevsky, Genet, and Henry Miller, the 'Tors expose everyone else for the wimps they really are. Says vocalist Sickie Wifebeater in April's *Spin*. "If we mean fuck your ass, we say 'fuck your ass.' We don't sing, 'oh, oh, oh, let's sing like a faggot,' and throw in maybe one dirty word on the whole album." There will be more about the Mentors in the near future—their fourth album, the transitional *The Mentors They Are A-Changin'*, is about to be released and it's brilliant.

Which brings us to the Beastie Boys; as the perfect synthesis of Menudo and the Mentors, the Beasties matter more than anyone recording today, perhaps even more than life itself. They retain the child-like enthusiasm that defines Menudo, yet like the Mentors they clearly sing "like real men;" they share with Menudo a clean break from the concept of playing instruments, but they're the Mentors' match for pure sonic awesomeness; and like both, they exist at the center of a raging debate between avant-garde highbrows and those of us who view rock and roll with more democratic, populist sentiments.

Backstage at the Copa, the Beasties (MCA, Mike-D, and King Ad-Rock) reflected on the inherent pressures of being so important, and how they manage to cope with their increasingly Messianic stature.

MCA: "What we do for fun in New York is, on a boring day, go the bank and get two rolls of pennies and just throw 'em at girls. Our main beef here was we wanted to go to the bank and get pennies and throw 'em out the window at a van of girls, but the pennies don't have *Lincoln* on 'em. It just seemed sacrilegious to throw fake pennies at girls. Imagine if you were a girl and got hit with a fake penny—what would you think? It's like takin a shower with a raincoat on. I do that shit every day."

Whereas so many bands today aspire to be merely scatological, the Beasties are that and a whole lot more: fratological (they all hail from NYU), fatalological (Mike-D wears a Detroit Tiger cap on the sleeve of 'She's On It'), and, thanks to massive engineer Jay Burzootie (the guy MC'ing and spinning backing tracks at the Copa), really fucking fatalological. Mike-D's Tiger hat makes one wonder if he's a baseball fan.

Mike-D: "No, it just has my name on it. We got to Detroit on tour, and I saw this hat in the hotel lobby that had my name on it. Like, not only one, but a whole rack."

Ad-Rock: "We play baseball, we got a summer softball team."

MCA: "It's kinda like the same thing we do with music; we'd rather like, do it than follow it. If we gotta follow something, than we follow something that we don't really do, like films. And as soon as we start making our own movies, I don't think we're gonna go see anyone else's."

(This of course explains why I've never read a book in my life—it's like, I do writing, so I don't really follow it.)

Ad-Rock: "And we like, follow girls, but don't really do anything about it. And that's the sad part."

MCA: "Mostly we end up finding out that we don't get the pussy—and you can print that word for word."

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It's my personal belief that 'She's On It' is the most anarchic three minutes since the Robins' 'Riot in Cell Block # 9', thirty one years ago. Furthermore, it's like, real easy to play on a guitar—King Rick-Rock was able to teach me in twelve seconds flat. This is what I mean by the democratic impulse in rock and roll: the possibility of including anyone and everyone. Menudo has had a plethora of rotating Menudoes over the years, while the Mentors, because they wear black executioner hoods, can replace a Mentor at any given moment without compromising the band's personality. The Beastie Boys are you and me if we only had the chance—travelling the continent, jumping around and yelling and spraying beer on each other, they seem to offer a glimmer of hope that one day they'll tire and different Beasties will be brought in to carry the flag. Maybe even you or me.

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MCA: "We went to this weird restaurant here in Toronto called 'Mrs. Ballsfish.' I think it's on Jarvis street or something. A lady was in there dancing with a piece of cornbread between her tits."

Ad-Rock: "She wore this big plastic nameplate that said like, 'Breasty McNeil.'"

MCA: "Her tits were like, this big, and there's a sign outside that said '70-28-36'."

Ad-Rock: "Oh my God—that's my sister in there!"

MCA: "And the next thing you know we went in there, and Aunt Ballsfish was standin there with like, crab grass growin out of the cornbread."

Um, speaking of the Butthole Surfers, the Beasties reportedly share an intense rivalry with them, the origin of which is rather strange.

Ad-Rock: "The Butthole Surfers once saved my life (like, actually, not spiritually). December before last, Rick Rubin and me were walking down 5th Street at 6 in the morning. We had just hung out with the BHS at this club—they're really weird."

MCA: "They're incredibly weird—weirder than cool."

Ad-Rock: "There was like, 15 of them, and they all smelled really bad. So check it out: when I turned around, I see these two Puerto Rican kids comin after us with knives. Just as they get within like, 10 feet of us, I see the BHS drive by. They're like, 'Yo—WHAAAAAT'S UUUUUUUUPPPP?' So we just ran over and got a ride."

MCA: "Ever since they saved Adam's (Ad-Rock's) life and Rick's, I said fuck those guys. It's like, where do they come off makin music? They should be out like, being superheroes."

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Recently, *Now's* Music Notes expressed doubt about the validity of the Beasties: "By not quoting the Beasties—even if it were possible—one does them a favor. With steady obscenities they hamfistedly go for shock value over content." Now wait a minute here— isn't that a rather arbitrary measure to start evaluating artists by? Myself, I've always objected to those bands—the Beatles, Creedence Clearwater, and Husker Du come to mind—who hamfistedly go for content over shock value. To each his own. Anyway, as to the impending album title supplied by the Beasties to *Now*, here's the full story:

Ad-Rock: "Don't Be a Faggot?—we might (call it that). No, probably not—that's a joke. We might. Either that or *License to Ill*. Kinda weird, right? Don't Be a Faggot is like, obvious; *License to Ill* is like, really weird. I like the weird one."

I like the weird one, too; in fact, I like everything about the Beasties. Among other topics touched upon, there was MCA's thoughts on seeing films from his namesake studio ("I go, YEAAAAH...YEAAAAH! and stand up and wave my arms"), "Sun City" ("oh, this is that song—I am Mrs. Ballsfish"), and horror films ("you see *The Animator*? Yo, terrorvision!"). So much to choose from, but let's go out on an exchange between my friend's girlfriend and a Beastie. For obvious reasons, I'll leave her name out of it; the Beastie will also remain unidentified.

"So, you wanna have sex with me later?"

"Well, I'm with my boyfriend..." (in no way inferring that otherwise she might).

"That's okay—he'll be really impressed."

Interview: Phil-D  
and King Rick-Rock  
Text: Fred Kluszewski



# An Offensive Defense of Feargal Sharkey

jury of one: Chris Buck

Feargal Sharkey stands accused of selling out, going slick, and dragging the good name of Rock and Roll through the mud. Could this fine lad who once stood strong with The Undertones be turning in his (sinless) pride for a more profitable future? Is he abandoning the turbulence of the rock'n'roll sea for a pseudo-Love Boat cruise in safer waters? People in the know seem convinced of this. But wait a second, give the guy a chance; people are allowed to change. Just because the guy doesn't look like a wanky little kid anymore doesn't mean he's a write off...does it?

After listening to his music and talking to him, I'm ready to present my analysis of the Feargal Sharkey case.

## Defense Of

It's been suggested that Feargal betrayed the Undertones' rockin' heritage, but on closer observation the division between the old Feargal and the new isn't that severe. In fact, a lot of the material on the Sharkey LP ('A Good Heart,' 'You Little Thief') suggest a logical progression from the Soul/R&B leanings of the last Undertones release, *The Sin of Pride*. The problem is people are largely unfamiliar with that album; what's referred to more often is the punk-pop three-minute-classics of the first two records—which have next to nothing in common with Feargal's latest.

At first listen, the album *Feargal Sharkey* sounds like one-dimensional formulated pop, but he maintains that the songs have a subtle depth which comes through on repeated listenings. When he told me that 'A Good Heart' aspires to something like Smokey Robinson's 'Tears of a Clown,' I begin to understand. Approaching Feargal's work from the historical perspective of 1960's Motown makes more sense in evaluating its strengths and weaknesses than comparisons with early Undertones. Making multi-dimensional pop music is important to him. "One of my actual aims...is to build in two completely separate levels to the songs. Every song on the album had to meet that criteria. To me that has always been the key to great song writing."

The best evidence of this approach is his video for the blockbuster hit 'A Good Heart.' Appearing at first to be a typical live performance clip, a number of bizarre details emerge: two intense female drummers (Feargal tells me he wanted them to be sensuous, but

they look more set on castration), back up singers looking like sado-masochistic leather clad call girls and guitarists pulling Spinal Tap stage maneuvers. A predictable pop video with lots of questionable elements—fuckin' A!

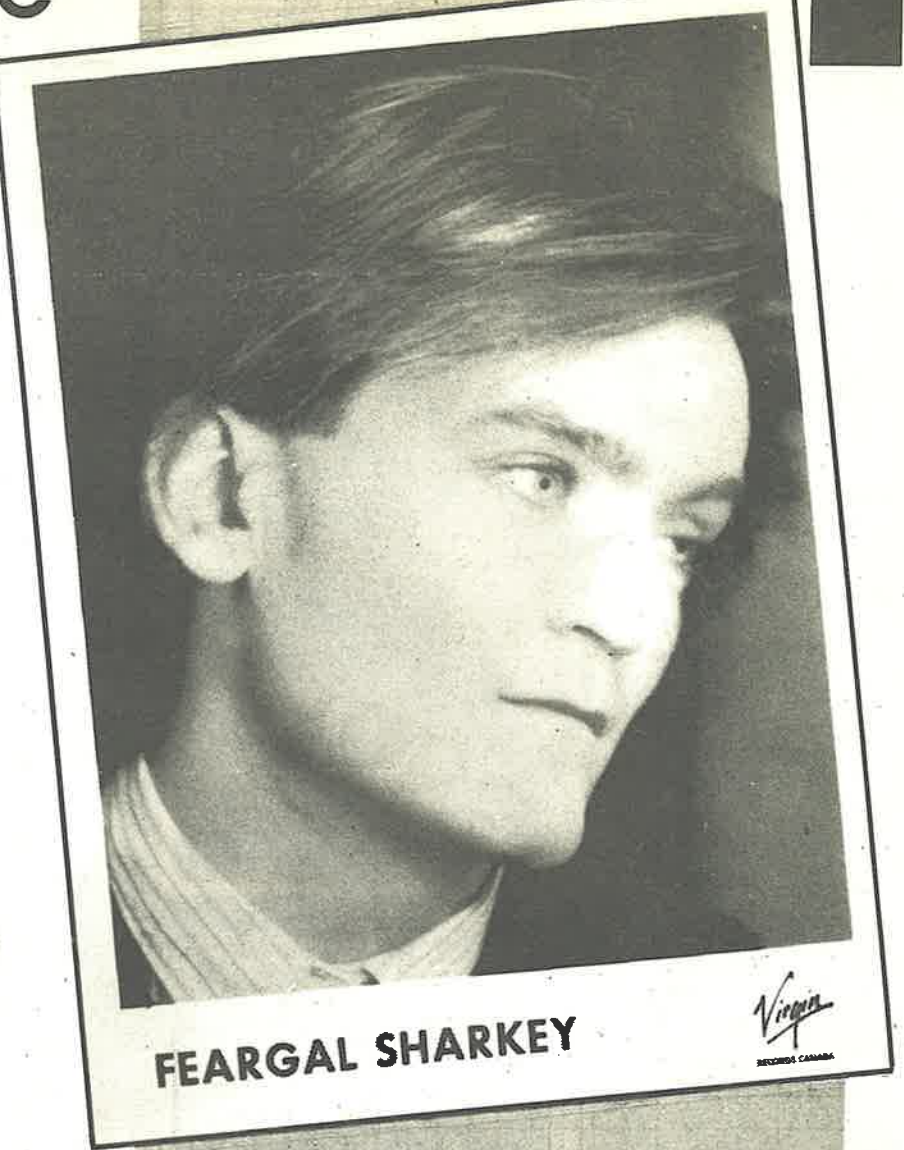
It's only when you've stopped associating Feargal with the 'alternative' gang, The Undertones, Punk or whatever that you can begin to appreciate what he's trying to do and how well he's doing it. He's unabashedly making pop music for the masses, and doing it pretty well at that.

## Offensive

A complaint I made to Feargal is that his music seemed too stable, too safe (he deals with interviews similarly)—an idea he didn't take too kindly to. He told me he and writing partner/producer Dave Stewart (of Eurythmics) consciously avoided making songs that were too commercial and balanced, noting that 'Bitter Man' had to be almost totally re-recorded because it sounded "too American." He hates when things sound too contrived in the studio: "I find that awfully horrible in other people, I can second guess what's coming next." Sorry buddy, but that's what I dislike most about your record. It reeks of sellability; the production is as contemporary (in pop marketing terms) as it can get.

Let's look again at the Sharkey-Motown connection. As most people know, the Motown Hit Factory songwriters of the 60s followed a tried and true 'love song' formula. Because they were better than average writers, a lot of what they wrote was very powerful, but the songs that didn't have that extra kick were terrible. Now, even though Feargal didn't write all of the material on his LP (other credits include Maria McKee of Lone Justice and Chrissie Hynde) you get the impression from listening to it that there is some pretty formula stuff happening here too—which is fine if it works but too often it doesn't and you're left with a big sound and no song.

Feargal wouldn't let me take his picture. This guy obviously understands the power of the media and does his best to control how he's seen whenever possible. This doesn't bother me too much, in fact I respect him for it, but the pictures he distributes of himself are generally sappy poses. Just look at the picture the Nerve got. Yuck! I can't walk into a record store these days without being assaulted (insulted) by these pathetic images.

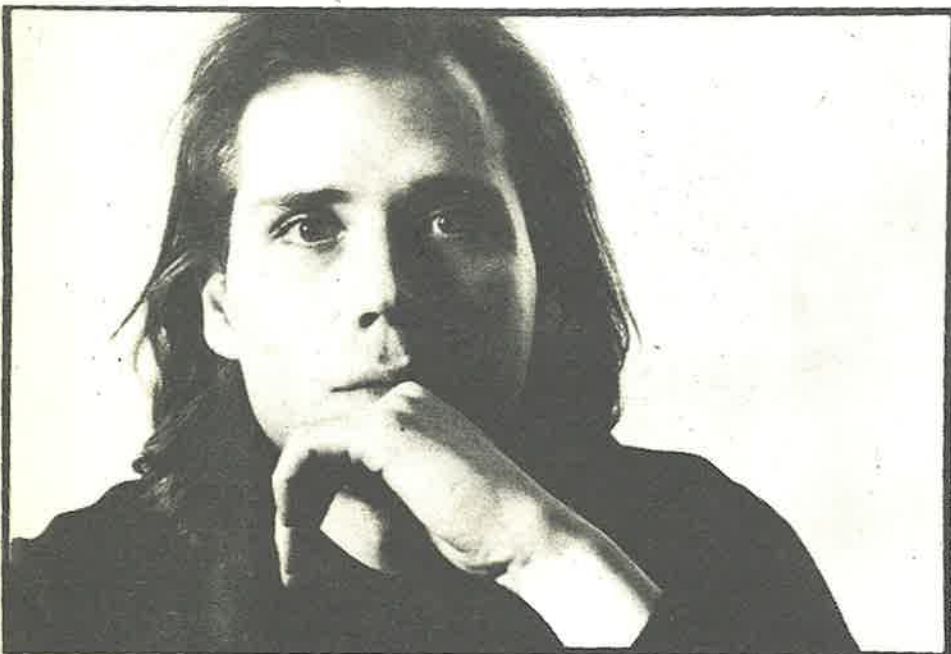


## The Verdict

At one point I asked Feargal why he didn't properly defend himself on a certain point in another interview. "All I've got is 20 minutes...the only way people can really find out about me is to come and stay with me for a week or whatever." Sure. Do I get fed too? Feargal Sharkey: take him with plenty of salt, and a bit of humour. It's never too late to enjoy dumb entertainment.

## Feargal's Faves

Sexual Healing: Marvin Gaye  
Walk On The Wild Side: Lou Reed  
Dock Of The Bay: Otis Redding  
Sympathy For The Devil: Rolling Stones  
Cry: Godley & Creme  
Clean Up Woman: Betty Wright  
Under The Boardwalk: Drifters  
Jean Genie: David Bowie  
Once In A Lifetime: Talking Heads  
Anarchy In The UK: Sex Pistols



FIER—Laura Levine

## is silence Golden?

ANTON FIER doesn't want to talk history so I will. He first came to critical attention as the drummer in one of the last stages of Pere Ubu. Following the band's break-up he moved to New York and formed the Feelies and played pure pop music with the commercial potential of John Cage's Polonaise for Bathtub Farts. Somewhere in there he worked with John Lurie's Lounge Lizards. After that he formed his own band, a one-shot outfit with fellow lizard Arto Lindsay, called The Golden Palominos. Their album, despite the presence of heavyweight musicians such as Jamaladeen Tacuma, was something people call interesting, then leave at the back of their collection. Even Fier called it a failure. But what did you mean by failure, Anton?

"Exactly what I said, it was an experiment that failed, it didn't work. I didn't know what I was doing. I didn't have enough control. I was working with the wrong people. It had moments of humour, I won't deny that. It documents a time in which I was living."

Since then, Fier has been around. He worked on the sessions for Mick Jagger's *She's the Boss* and Yoko Ono's *Starpeace* and performed with friend and producer Bill Laswell's 'band' projects. He also decided to try his hand at the Golden Palominos again, this time bringing in a stellar cast including (deep breath) Michael Stipe, John Lydon, Jack Bruce, Carla Bley,

Richard Thompson and Bernie Worrell among others. The album *Visions of Excess* was received by critics like a *Second Coming*. Do you think this one was a success, Anton?

"Definitely, because I was able to realize my own ideas. I was able to please myself and please the musicians I was working with simultaneously. I was a whole lot older. I knew what I was doing. I not only knew how to insult musicians but I insulted them in ways that got them to work better."

A project of this sort can't help but bring a few egos into conflict, or at least that's how it seemed to me until I asked Anton about it.

"Everything was done one person at a time and egos never came into play because if one person worked against another person and it came down to ego, I don't care who it is, I'd destroy them. (Laughs) We were all basically friends and we wanted to please each other. Period."

The talents of the participants is without question; I asked Fier if he thinks projects like the Golden Palominos are bringing back respect for musical virtuosity.

"Virtuosity has nothing to do with making this record. It's not about virtuosity, it's about songs. Playing a song. I didn't choose people because they were famous, I chose them because they were my friends...It's not a drumming record, it's not a guitar player's record, it's about songs. The first record was about a rhythm section with sound effects."

The music, apart from a couple of cover tunes, was written by Fier and Raybeats' guitarist Jody Harris. Considering the vastly different styles of the cast of *Visions of Excess*, and the textures of each track, this couldn't have been too easy. Or could it?

"They were all written specifically for the singers, at least instrumentally. Jody Harris and I wrote the music...usually a few days before they were recorded. How did we do it? We sat down and we did it. We had a deadline to meet, and we did it. When you know what you have to do, it's very simple."

'The Animal Speaks,' John Lydon's howling contribution to *Visions*, bears more than a slight resemblance to PiL's *Album*. That record was produced by Bill Laswell, who played bass on *Visions*. A coincidence?

"I didn't work on the PiL album. Bill and I worked together on my record and then he did the PiL record. I don't want to go out on a limb, but I think maybe there was something that rubbed off there. Bill never really made a rock record before the PiL record. He made a lot of different kinds of great records, but he never really made a rock record, and maybe the first rock record he worked on was mine and when it came time for him to make one he had a point of reference."

Fier's instincts on the second album have served him very well. What does he have planned for the next Palominos projects?

"I anticipate basically an extension of this record since I haven't exhausted the possibilities yet. Beyond that, I don't know but hopefully the next record will further define the 'concept' realized on this record and take it a little bit further. I hope to do more with the personnel...I kind of just scratched the surface, I want to get deeper."

The Palominos record is another addition to the group of reputable musicians that seem to form a loose circle around Celluloid's New York nucleus. Wait; Anton doesn't agree.

"I'm not associated with anybody. I'm associated with Celluloid because they're the only people who gave me the budget to make this. Bill Laswell is my friend, probably my closest friend in the whole world, but I have no association. I'm not part of any movement, I'm not part of any company. I am an individual. I have my own goals, they have nothing to do with the goals of Celluloid or Material. It's not a movement, just a couple of strong individuals trying to realize their own goals."

Fier's career has been a noteworthy and impressive one. Does he have any accomplishment that stands out for him?

"I don't regret anything I've done. I've enjoyed every minute. I'm not working, you know. I'm on a permanent vacation. My work is my pleasure. It sounds like a cliché but every minute is a whole wealth of experience. I don't have any favorite because for everything I do, I have a reason. I don't have anything I don't want to do, and at that moment it is the most important thing for me to do."

And the future? What are Fier's ambitions?

"I don't think of myself in terms of other people. I think it would be unfair to myself and unfair to other musicians. In 20 years I don't think I'll be here."

Rick McGinnis

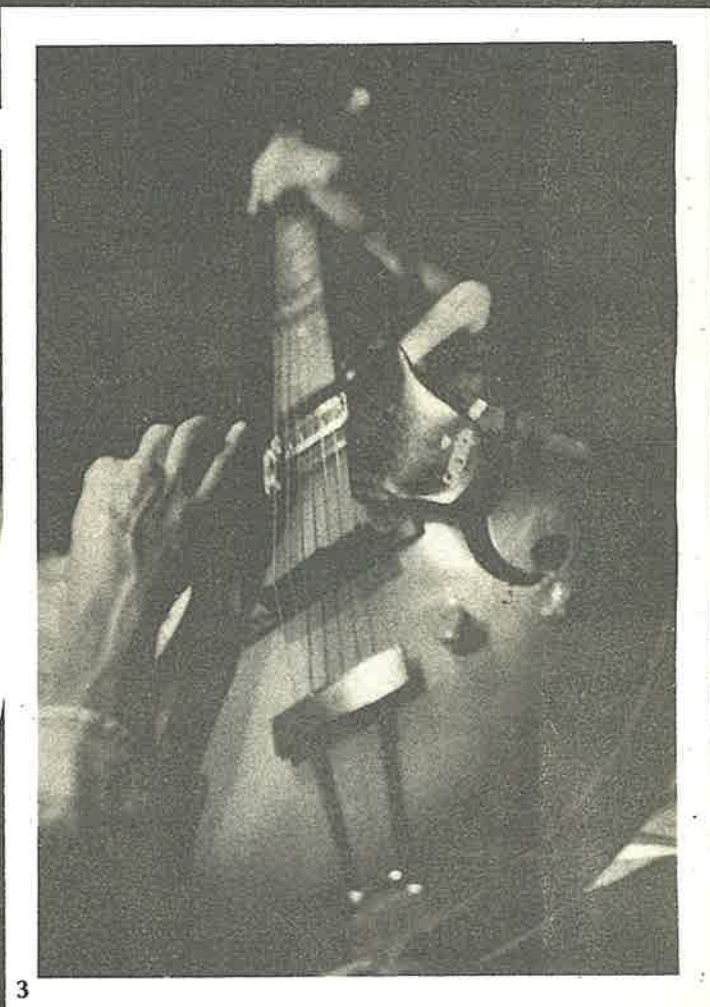


# THE BIG NERVE! SHOW



What can we say? It was the greatest show on earth. And it moved. Yaaarrggghh, did it ever! Last month, ten groups of musically inclined individuals—Gods, all of them—strummed, squeaked, yelped, honked, whacked, warbled, mashed, plucked, picked, tinkled and zonked their way into the annals of Rock Music History by performing for the first Nerve Big Show. Much bread was raised to aid and abet this rampant rag in it's quest for incorporeal purity and a new PMT screen. A document of this magnificent event is presented here, as a series of candid 'back stage' photographs.

1: Herb Poole: Jekyll or Hyde?...2: Gerard Van Herk and Tony Dewald of Deja Voodoo, visibly impressed with Nerve cretin Howard Druckman's tasteful jacket...3: Sunday Driver Steve Stewart's six holy strings...4: Glenn Milchem, who pummelled and pounded for Vital Sines and Drum Madness...5: Sax Pistols—note the unusual quaffing method...6: Rick Winkle of Vital Sines, Patrick Gregory of The Lawn and The Woods Are Full Of Cuckoos...7: Bill Grove discovers the truth: Deja Voodoo's Gerard tunes the damn thing...8: the most famous man on earth, Handsome Fred. Or is that Lonesome Ted? Pretty Boy Jed?...9: The Lawn's Gord Cumming wears a rare look of sobriety in the presence of classical musicians...10: Violence And The Sacred's Graham Kompost and his psycho cello...11: Gordie Wilson, moments before his last Vital Sines gig, can't stifle a laugh at the expense of Terry Michealson's haircut...12: The Neds' Steve Koch tunes up in seconds flat...are you ready to rock???







**PHOTOS:  
CHRIS BUCK**

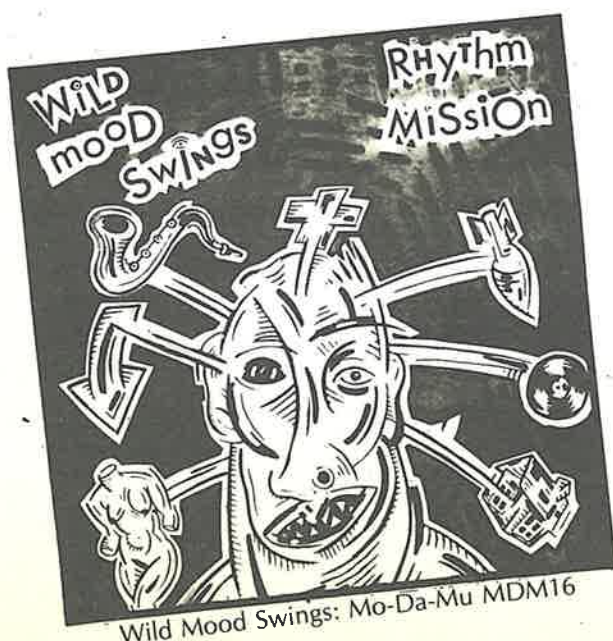


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<p>CFRC-FM: Kingston, Ont 613-547-6677 BRUCE COCKBURN BOB DYLAN UZEB SWEET HONEY... VIOLENT FEMMES SKYWALK JIMI HENDRIX HUSKER DU IMAGES IN VOGUE DEL LORDS</p>	<p>CKLN-FM: Toronto 416-595-1477 SWANS CHANGE OF HEART HUSKER DU GOLDEN PALOMINOS CATASTROPHE THEORY DURUTTI COLUMN COSTELLO SHOW PHILLIP GLASS DAVID THOMAS</p>	<p>CIUT-FM: Toronto 416-978-5267 GUERRILLA WARFARE RYUICHI SAKAMOTO TOPPER HEADON PHILLIP GLASS 39 STEPS SUNDAYS CHILDREN BORIS BOUQUEREL VIOLENT FEMMES NICHOLAS COLLINS STAN RIDGWAY</p>	<p>CJRY: Downsview, Ont 416-667-3919 VIOLENT FEMMES NILS JESUS &amp; MARY CHAIN GREEN ON RED DAVE HOWARD SINGERS LLOYD COLE BLOW MONKEYS LONG RYDERS STURM GROUP CANADIAN ACES TULPA</p>	<p>CHMR: Hamilton 416-575-2175 F Y C LLOYD COLE REPLACEMENTS ANNE CLARK BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE WALL OF VODOO TEENAGE HEAD YOUNG FRESH FELLOWS GREEN ON RED FAITH BROTHERS</p>	<p>CFMU-FM: Hamilton CRAMPS TEENAGE HEAD FLORIDA RAZORS VIOLENT FEMMES KATRINA &amp; THE WAVES JESUS &amp; MARY CHAIN FAB THUNDERBIRDS BANGLES GOLDEN PALOMINOS LET'S ACTIVE</p>
<p>CKLR: Kitchener 519-653-2511 TALK TALK VAN HALEN DAVID BOWIE ROBERT PALMER JULIAN LENNON O M D PUBLIC IMAGE LTD BRONSKI BEAT SIMPLE MINDS PETSHOP BOYS</p>	<p>CKMS-FM: Waterloo, Ont 886-2567 STATION TWANG BRUCE COCKBURN JESUS &amp; MARY CHAIN PUBLIC IMAGE LTD VIOLENT FEMMES WONDEUR BRASS LOOK PEOPLE RHYTHM MISSION TALK TALK MINISTRY</p>	<p>CFRU-FM: Guelph 519-824-4120 VIOLENT FEMMES PUBLIC IMAGE LTD BRUCE COCKBURN LLOYD COLE STURM GROUP SQUIRREL BAIT BLANCMANGE SALEM 66 Restless Variations It Came From Canada</p>	<p>CHRW-FM: London, Ont 519-679-2239 PUBLIC IMAGE LTD VIOLENT FEMMES STAN RIDGWAY BOYS DON'T CRY JOE JACKSON ITSA SKITSA TEENAGE HEAD CRAMPS 39 STEPS PSYCHE</p>	<p>CFFF-FM: P'borough, Ont. RIPCHORDS SHEEP LOOK UP DAVID RAMSDEN DEAD KENNEDYS STURM GROUP DAVID SEREDA 39 STEPS WALLY BADAROU RHYTHM MISSION PETER MURPHY</p>	<p>CRTV: North Bay, Ont. 705-474-7600 x182 JOHN MELLENCAMP ROBERT PALMER BANGLES SLY FOX INXS PRINCE LOVERBOY ROLLING STONES MR MISTER FORCE MDs</p>
<p>CKUL: Lethbridge, AL 403-329-2335 HUSKER DU 39 STEPS VELVETEENS RHYTHM MISSION S.C.U.M. THE SERVICE DEATH OF SAMANTHA Fresh Sounds HONEYMOON KILLERS ASEXUALS</p>	<p>CJSR-FM: Edmonton 403-432-5244 SHANGHAI DOG HUSKER DU M'TL GOSPEL CHOIR GOLDEN PALOMINOS KEITH JARRETT NAKED RAYGUN BLACK FLAG ASEXUALS PETER NARDINI GIDON KREMER</p>	<p>CMMD: Kamloops, BC 604-374-0123 x2060 WHITNEY HOUSTON STING SIMPLE MINDS BILLY OCEAN THOMPSON TWINS CARS A.U.A.A. THE KEEP THE ALARM NEW REGIME</p>	<p>CJIV: Burnaby, BC 604-291-3727 STAN RIDGWAY BLAST NAKED RAYGUN EXPLODING WHITE MICE CRUZADOS YOUNG FRESH FELLOWS VELVETEENS ZULUS Restless variations THE LEFT</p>	<p>CFUV-FM: Victoria, BC 604-721-8702 JESUS &amp; MARY CHAIN LLOYD COLE VIOLENT FEMMES COSTELLO SHOW THE MIX ASEXUALS CRAMPS SLOW LET'S ACTIVE Restless Variations</p>	<p>CITR-FM: Vancouver 604-228-3017 RHYTHM MISSION LAIBACH PARTY BOYS TOPPER HEADON Heat From The Wind Chill ETRON FOU LELOUBLAN JESUS &amp; MARY CHAIN A Diamond Hidden... Jericho Go! FRED FRITH</p>

## SELECT A.O.R. COMMERCIAL RADIO REPORTS

<p>K-97: Edmonton 428-8597 WHITNEY HOUSTON GLASS TIGER MR MISTER VAN HALEN BOB SEGER HEART ROBERT PALMER ROLLING STONES PETSHOP BOYS BANGLES</p>	<p>KIK-FM: Calgary 403-244-4422 THE CULT MIKE &amp; THE MECHANICS BRUCE COCKBURN FEARGAL SHARKEY PETE TOWNSEND MR MISTER STEVIE NICKS F Y C JOHN MELLENCAMP SIMPLE MINDS</p>	<p>Z-99: Regina MR MISTER HONEYMOON SUITE WHITNEY HOUSTON STEVIE NICKS HEART GLASS TIGER FALCO MIKE &amp; THE MECHANICS STARSHIP PETE TOWNSEND</p>	<p>CFNY-FM: Toronto ART OF NOISE JOE JACKSON SIGUE SIGUE SPUTNIK BILL NELSON CHALK CIRCLE DAMNED DON DIXON TOPPER HEADON MINISTRY RED GUITARS</p>	<p>CHEZ-FM: Ottawa 613-563-1919 ROBERT PALMER MR MISTER ROLLING STONES VAN HALEN BRUCE COCKBURN LEVEL 42 HONEYMOON SUITE FEARGAL SHARKEY F Y C PETE TOWNSEND</p>	<p>CHOM-FM: Montreal 709-726-2922 ROLLING STONES VAN HALEN TALK TALK HONEYMOON SUITE GLASS TIGER DOUBLE RENAUD HEART CLANNAD FEARGAL SHARKEY</p>	<p>OZ-FM: St. Johns, Nfld. 709-726-2922 ROLLING STONES BOB SEGER VAN HALEN GLASS TIGER F Y C HONEYMOON SUITE Pretty In Pink SIMPLE MINDS KATRINA &amp; THE WAVES BRIAN SETZER</p>
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## Rhythm Mission

Rhythm Mission has been one of Vancouver's most striking bands since they began in 1981. Now, their new Mo-Da-Mu album, *Wild Mood Swings*, is spreading their exciting music to wider audiences. The *Vancouver Sun* calls it "an exotic mix of sounds that jerk, jump, bing and bong; sorta jazzy, but angrier; punky in lyrical philosophy." Rhythm Mission is Warren Ash, Scott Harding, Warren Hunter, Dennis Mills, and Nick Tatroff—they are all members of CAPAC.

If you—or people you know—write, perform, or record original music, you should know about CAPAC. Finding out more about earning royalties is easy; you can start by calling Richard Flohil at (416) 924-4427.

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# WEB

## ALTERNATIVE RADIO TOP 60

THE WEB Alternative Radio Top 60 information is based on playlists from reporting canadian Campus and Community radio stations. Statistics are compiled from point totals tabulated on playlist positions of artists, then multiplied by station classification factor

● denotes rapid chart movement cc- denotes Canadian recording

MAY 1	APR 15	ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL	WEEKS ON
	APR 1				PEAK
1	1	Violent Femmes	The Blind Leading The Naked	Slash/WEA	1 8
2	3	Public Image Ltd.	Album	WEA	2 8
3	2	The Jesus And Mary Chain	Psychocandy	WEA	1 8
4	8	cc 39 Steps	39 Steps	Line	4 6
5	4	cc Bruce Cockburn	World Of Wonders	True North	2 8
6	13	The Costello Show	King Of America	CBS	6 6
7	15	Stan Ridgway	The Big Heat	IRS/MCA	7 4
8	6	cc Rhythm Mission	Wild Mood Swings	MoDaMu	6 4
9	5	Lloyd Cole & The Commotions	Easy Pieces	Geffen	5 8
10	15	cc Asexuals	Contemporary World	Psyche Industry	10 6
11	16	Topper Headon	Waking Up	PolyGram	11 2
12	9	cc various	It Came From Canada	Og Music	2 8
13	7	cc Sturm Group	Century Ho!	Green Fuse	3 8
14	-	Cramps	A Date With Elvis	New Rose	14 -
15	28	cc Teenage Head	Trouble In The Jungle	Warpt	15 6
16	10	Fine Young Cannibals	Fine Young Cannibals	IRS/MCA	6 8
17	-	Husker Du	Candy Apple Grey	Warners/WEA	17 -
18	24	Golden Palominos	Visions Of Excess	Celluloid	18 6
19	42	various	Pretty In Pink soundtrack	A&M	12 6
20	34	cc Ripchordz	View From Above	Concrete	20 8
21	22	various	Restless Variations	Restless/Enigma	15 4
22	27	cc S.C.U.M.	Born Too Soon	Psyche Industry	22 2
23	30	Talk Talk	Colour Of Spring	EMI	30 2
24	26	Peter Murphy	Final Solution	Vertigo/PolyGram	24 2
25	-	cc Velveteens	Tall Houses	Ransom	25 -
26	-	Naked Raygun	All Rise	Homestead	26 -
27	21	Blancmange	Believe You Me	London	21 2
28	31	Ministry	Twitch	WEA	28 2
29	36	cc Forgotten Rebels	Boys Will Be Boys	Mystery	29 2
30	-	Bangles	In A Different Light	CBS	30 -
31	23	Feargal Sharkey	Feargal Sharkey	Virgin/A&M	20 8
32	25	Squirrel Bait	Squirrel Bait	Homestead	25 4
33	45	Fresh Young Fellows	Topsy Turvy	Pop Llama	33 2
34	-	cc Florida Razors	Half A Rock Record	Razor	34 -
35	20	cc Slow	Against The Glass	Zulu	8 8
36	19	Pere Ubu	Terminal Tower: Collection	Rough Trade/WEA	14 4
37	43	cc 4th Floor	Black And White	Zesty Pete	37 2
38	42	Phillip Glass	Songs From Liquid Days	CBS-FM	38 2
39	-	Ryuichi Sakamoto	Illustrated Music Encyclopedia	Virgin/A&M	39 -
40	39	cc Condition	Mumbo Jumbo	Psyche Industry	9 8
41	48	Green On Red	No Free Lunch	PolyGram	16 8
42	-	Laibach	Nova Akropola	Cherry Red	42 -
43	55	cc various	It Came From The Pit	Psyche Industry	43 8
44	48	cc Skinny Puppy	Bites	Nettwerk	44 -
45	-	Shop Assistants	Safety Net	53rd & 3rd	45 -
46	-	Bob Dylan	Biograph	Columbia/CBS	46 -
47	-	Blast	Power Of Expression	Green World	47 -
48	-	Party Boys	Truckers Strike	Irrescence	48 -
49	32	Anne Clark	Pressure Points	Virgin/A&M	20 6
50	41	cc Nils	Sell Out Young	Psyche Industry	23 8
51	-	various	Heat From The Chill Wind	451	51 -
52	-	Rolling Stones	Dirty Work	Rolling Stones/CBS	52 -
53	60	Del Lords	Johnny Comes Marching	EMI	53 -
54	14	Hoodoo Gurus	Mars Needs Guitars	PolyGram	11 8
55	-	Pandoras	Stop Pretending	Rhino	55 -
56	51	cc Theives	I See Red	Rubber	51 2
57	-	Joe Jackson	Big World	A&M	57 -
58	-	Sweet Honey In The Rock	The Other Side	Flying Fish	58 -
59	29	Dead Kennedys	Frankenchrist	Fringe Product	29 8
60	-	various	A Diamond Hidden...	Giorno Poetry Systems	60 -

THE WEB is produced by WEB PROMOTIONS, 1162 Queen St West, Toronto, M6J 1J5.

Contact: Michael Sarazen (416) 535-8969.

chart assistance: William New

### C.B.C LATE NIGHT

### DANCE

### RETAIL/WHOLESALE

CBC Nightlines  
Ross Porter  
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COSTELLO SHOW  
DOUBLE  
ROCKI ROLETTI  
JOE JACKSON  
THE CALL  
TOPPER HEADON  
LAURIE ANDERSON  
MODERN ENGLISH  
VIOLENT FEMMES  
JOHN MARTYN

CBC Brave New Waves  
Kevin Komoda  
PHILLIP GLASS  
PSYCHE  
Voices End Abruptly  
NO MEANS NO  
MOEV  
STURM GROUP  
PSYCHIC TV  
39 STEPS  
MINISTRY  
TEST DEPT.

Chris Shepperd  
CFNY/R.P.M.  
BEASTIE BOYS  
SEVERED HEADS  
PSYCHIC TV  
SKINNY PUPPY  
MINISTRY  
TEST DEPT.  
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BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE  
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CHRIS HOUSTON  
CATASTROPHIC THEORY  
VIOLENCE & THE SACRED

Record Peddler Imports  
TEST DEPT  
RED LORRY YELLOW LORRY  
ONSLAUGHT  
COCTEAU TWINS  
CRAMPS  
DAVID THOMAS  
SWANS  
KREATOR  
EDDIE JOBSON  
GOLDEN PALOMINOS

### CRUCIAL CASSETTES

(cc)Cowboy Junkies.....Cowboy Junkies  
(cc)Dundrells.....Dun One  
(cc)Sheep Look Up.....Rapture  
(cc)Thin Men.....4 Year Phase  
(cc)Misery Goats.....Misery Goats  
(cc)Subterraneans.....Subterraneans  
(cc)Amoeba Quiche.....Justice Liver  
(cc)My Dog Popper.....Gino  
(cc)Condo Christ.....Condo Christ  
(cc)Boney Grove.....Boney Grove  
(us)Smithereens.....Smithereens  
(us)Layabouts.....No Masters  
(us)Mars Attacks.....Mars Attacks  
(us)No Limbo Lasso.....Birds Walk South  
(cc)Color Me Psycho...Kiss Me Then Color Me Psycho



# Regional Reports

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## NERVE OUTSIDE TORONTO

**HAMILTON:** Rave Records, Cheapies, Record World, Rock N Tees, sam's, Rock Museum, Chuggies, Deja-Vu, Eminence, Front, Puttin' on The Ritz, Bay Tide, CFMU

**GUELPH:** Albion, R.O.W., South Pacific, King Edward, Sam's, Second Wave Records, Treanon, CFRU

**KITCHENER/WATERLOO:** After A Fashion, Records On Wheels, Encore Records, Backdoor, Level 21, CKMS, Sam's, On The Wind, Waterloo Record Gallery, Dr. Disc

**LONDON:** South Pacific, Onyx, R.O.W., Sam The Record Man, Dr. Disc, Disc Shopp, Primrose Lane, Bullwinkles, Call the Office, The Laymen House, The Millwheel, CHRW

\*and most Records On Wheels and Sam the Record Man stores in Ontario.

## Ottawa

The stages of Ottawa venues were steadily heavy last month, with a wholesome and fully nutritional variety of local talent. April started off with the incredibly cool Easter Og party at Club Zinc that packed in 500 sludgeheads who bopped'n'sweated to five bands from the Og label. That week was rounded off with impressive shows by **Moev**, **Whitenoise**, and **The Chesterfield Kings**. The following week saw a cross section of superb acts rev up packed houses (**Buddy Guy**, **John Mayall**), country-fun (**K.D. Lang** doing two sold out shows), dirty psychedelia (**The Vipers**), and the blue-eyed soul of **Robert Palmer**. **The Pandoras** sleazed onto the Barrymores stage in skirts shorter than my patience. **Level 42** packed out Porter Hall that very weekend, and **Fluid Waffle** and **The Look People** grooved out an otherwise drippy Tuesday night. Fluid Waffle is hotter than red hot chili peppers in Tabasco sauce; they'll be heatin' up Toronto town soon.

With the lack of venues in Ottawa, local bands haven't had much of a chance to headline their own shows, but they've had lots of opportunities to strut their stuff as opening acts. **The Targets**, **Zombies on Broadway**, **Trademark Regt'd**, **the Related**, and **Precisions Shade** continue to exhibit sturdy progress.

**8 Seconds** are in Britain recording their first album for Polygram, with the production help of ex-Quantum Jump man **Rupert Hine**.

Ottawa's **Screaming Bamboo** will be tossing a what aspires to be a brutal bash at Porter Hall on May 24 to celebrate the release of their new LP *Break These Chains*. They'll be in T.O. May 7 and London the 8th.

At the Eccles Potato Farm here in downtown O, Youth Culture Promotions (a stalwart organization that we're relieved to see has lasted yet another year), has organized a number of all-ages shows and benefits, mostly at community centres, with admission prices adjusted to income. If you're interested in playing gigs, attending the shows or helping out, call (613) 233-1796 or write P.O. Box 2541, Station D. Ottawa, K1P 5W6.

Another crucial contact is Melanie Kaye, who has set up an American/Canadian Promoters network to be printed in Maximum Rock N Roll. This will enable bands to set up tour schedules connecting with most North American cities. For more info, you can call her at (613) 230-0704. May 28 sees **Shanghai Dog** from Vancouver, **The Asexuals** from Montreal and **Honest Injun** from Ottawa at Barrymores, courtesy of Kaye.

Toronto will be well-represented here this May with highly anticipated appearances by **Handsome Ned**, **Chalk Circle**, **Colin Linden**, **Vital Sines** and **The Florida Razors**. It's Caribbean month here, and parades abound with acts like **Burning Spear**, **Jah Cutta** and **the Determination Band**, **Arrow** and more. Chillin', maaan.

So there you have it, a few more reasons why the big O is so Awesome (see Chatelaine mag, May ish).

Nadine Gelineau

## London

In a moment of pious genuflection, my thoughts turn to the not-so-immaculate conception of college radio. Slithering from the bowels of academia, CHRW has always done its duty in giving London a shot in the ear.

Case in point: a monster disc featuring the best local bands on the now thriving club scene. CHRW is scraping together the good, the bad, and the somewhat ugly among our music makers, and shaping it into vinyl slabs ready for September.

Among the featured celebrities and visionaries are the thoroughly thrashable **October Crisis**, **Sheep Look Up**, **Itsa Skitsa**, **Lifeless Currents**, **Planet People**, **Suffer Machine**, **Christ Found In Condo**, and plenty more. Recording starts this month. If all goes well, a concert featuring the dozen bands on the compilation will coincide with its release.

And if that's not enough to make life worth living in London, the station has begged, screamed, and whined for the CRTC to expand its wattage power from 50 to 10,000: enough to blow a few fuses around here. Perhaps the neglect for talent in our own backyard is ending. But don't count on it.

Such fiascos as **Neon Rome's** gig or Call The Office, featuring some overly exuberant fans turning on a radio during the set (*radical manoeuvre!* —Ed.), runs much closer to the status quo here.

Once again, the carcass of hip rock altruism dragged itself into the Western University fairground to raise cash and consciousness for the Haiti vaccination program. Another item of note: some 'alternative' music magazines are apparently starting up in the wilds of Forest City; one's even modelled after Toronto's 'premier' rag, *Now*. Uh huh.

Scott Williams

## Hamilton

Hammer Happenings  
A Guide to the Steel City Scene  
by B.F. 'Mole Man' Mowat

To begin with, Hamilton's premiere Rock'n'Roll Band **Teenage Head** has split amoeba-like into two separate life forms. The Head now features Blair Martin (he of **Raving Mojo** fame) on drums, and Dave Rave (the other one) handling lead vocal chores. Watch for new vinyl in the new summer. Frankie Venom has formed a new group, **Frankie Venom and the Vipers**. Don't know what to expect from this lot...  
\*The enfants terribles of the scene, the **Forgotten Rebels** are recording an album at Metalworks with new bassist Bob Luman. Also in the studio are the **Trouble Boys** who are following up last year's highly successful LP *Pass the Bottle Baby* with a new collection of songs provisionally titled *Brian Scurvy*.

\*To add to the fun, a gaggle of ex-Viletones are joining a goober from the Untouchables and a gomer from the Forgotten Rebels in a gang called The Throbs (named after the CFMU program guide). Gigs are being lined up and, you guessed it, they're going into the studio, later this year.

\*The **Florida Razors**, veterans of the Horseshoe Tavern, have released a new record called *Half a Rock'n'Roll Record*, one half of which is what might be considered traditional r'n'r originals and the other half a series of abstract rotogravures of the Hamilton Skyline with the band's logo 'More or Less.' The band is working on a new LP provisionally titled *Kings of Clang*.

\*The Hammer has recently seen the genesis of a cryptic kick-bun outfit called the "Moon Crickets." This band has turned down offers to open for the **Hoodoo Gurus** and the **Fleshtones**, so you know they must be absolutely awesome. Apparently they have tapes available...but no one has them yet. Nerve managed to get a lead mouth D.L. Lee via phone at his nefarious "Woo Grotto." Mr. Lee did not disclose the identities of his band members but hinted that two of them were on the cover of *Mole #2* (a Hamilton based fanzine of a few years back) and the other guy use'ta play in the Untouchables.

\*The **Dik Van Dykes** continue to pursue their musical version of "tacky core" and are now leaving the bar circuit for the "private party circuit," says manager/worm-type Duncan V. Drunken. "We only play for gas, beer'n'kicks now." The band is going into a portable dumbwaiter to record material for a possible 8-track release.

That's about it for the Hammer. Everybody listens to FM93 CFMU (the mighty MU) and reads *Style* (when they're not reading *Nerve!*). The club to

go to is **Chuggies** and bar-b-q sauce on french fries is in.

Next ish: Why so many good bands come from Hamilton.



There was a time when anything that happened in Hamilton was sucked into that cultural molasse 60 clicks down the Q.E.W.

Not so! Although we've been doing our best to keep it a secret, the world is slowly leaking out, like toxins from a Sarnia petro-chemical plant.

Where else could you see Australia's **Hoodoo Gurus** open their North American tour? And for only a buck? And lemme tell ya, it was tonnes better than the Larry's show in the fall.

Not only did CFMU-FM 93 (McMaster) present that, but what better way to issue in May than with the Kings of super-pop: the **Fleshtones**! And who better to open up than the **Dundrells**! Heck, we here in the Steel City even have our own 'retirement bar filled only on March 17th when the draft is green' alternative night spot.

Chuggies is saving Hamiltonians the ride to T.O. by becoming the Queen Street West extension featuring the likes of **Shadowy Men**, **Amoeba Quiche**, **U.I.C.** etc. Vancouver's **Death Sentence** were April's highlight.

Meanwhile, it's been two months since the **Direktive 17** record release party and still no record—we've stopped holding our breath.

After acquiring new bassist Mike Luman (from **The Lumans** in Buffalo), the **Forgotten Rebels** have filled 14 tracks with The Pride and Disgrace of social commentary from Mickey DeSadist. With **Iggy Pop** at the controls, this album is guaranteed not to get airplay on CFNY.

**Quasi Hands** have just won the CHMR (Mohawk) Talent Search and will be back in the studio soon. Meanwhile nobody likes the **Dick Van Dykes**, and both the **Moon Crickets** and the **Hamiltone**s refuse to play live.

With Hamilton only 45 minutes away from the US of A (2 minutes by Cruise or MX), well, we've kind of adopted a few bands. Rochester's **Chesterfield Kings** will be back for a return engagement while Buffalo's **Electroman** refuses to cross the border, but still make things great at the Continental (Canadian money at par). Their next "big-hit," 'Kraft Macaroni and Cheese' may soon replace the immortal, 'Beer Makes You Smart—Drinking is Art' as a college crowd fave.

And finally, the CRTC has allowed CFMU-FM 93 to relocate their transmitter high atop the mighty Hamilton Escarpment. This should allow MU's 50 Killer Watts to penetrate deep into the bowels of Mississauga. Details at eleven.

Craig Hart

Thurs 1 Quasi Hands	Tues 13 Charlie Pickett (From Miami Fla)	Fri 23 October Crisis (from London)
Fri 2 Problem Children Alien Television	Wed 14 Movie Night Andy Worhol's Dracula & Frankenstein	Sat 24 Condo Christ P.O.W.
Sat 3 Altogether Morris	Thurs 15 L'Etranger (from Toronto)	Thurs 29 Ethnic Drivers (from Montreal)
Wed 7 Kitten W/A Whip The Hated Uncles Trash in the Bags	Fri 16 Change Of Heart (from Toronto)	Fri 30 Chesterfield Kings Dundrells
Thurs 8 39 Steps (from Montreal)	Sat 17 Just Born (from Detroit)	Sat 31 63 Monroe
Fri 9 The Resistance (from B.C.) Social Suicide	Thurs 22 Loveless (from Toronto)	
Sat 10 Groovy Religion Stiemata Martyr		

M  
A  
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Coming in June:  
Invasion of the All-Girl Bands

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## Montreal

Zev Asher

Garbage is everywhere. Bemused Frenchmen stroll by Glad clad alleys delivering skewered remarks. 'Remarkable.' People extrapolate about the alleged rodent communities that are currently setting up home at the cores of some of the more MAJOR piles of trash. At every turn another green bag sits defiantly where it shouldn't be. All this garbage, due to the current blue-collar strike in Montreal, affects my temperament profoundly; like bitterly cold or brutally hot...weather or not my recent catastrophically lethargic state can be attributed to the mountains of irrational rubbish which are currently growing in stature and will probably smother the city within a few months...

...This is purportedly a column on music in Montreal. Uh, well, the garbage is undoubtedly affecting the musical, uh, the atonal state of thing ing ins. I think I can safely blubber for the entire community by saying that all this garbage is affecting the music people are making, or vice versa.

It's not really all that bad...some good news as pertaining to quality original music being construed in the city of, you gassed it, garbage...

**3 O'Clock Train** are a fine rock'n'country ensemble. They've been around for a few years and have recently (finally) committed themselves to vinyl. I really don't know what took them so long, but I can make a layman's guess by checkin' one of the song titles, 'It Must Be the Drugs.' Live, this band can sometimes be deadly dull to watch. Worse than a BTO reunion show, altho' I don't rilly know. *Wam Beach* is the first EP by 3 O'Clock Train and it positively shimmers. Songs like 'Train of Dreams' and 'The Devil Likes Me' drip with hooks. The lyrics are clever and the arrangements are well structured. The structures are also well arranged. Exceedingly so...This music begs for repeated listenings. Unfortunately, this is the kind of stuff that is highly addictive and, for the first few daze, all consuming; but which somehow can become tenuous until in no time YOU'RE SICK OF IT. GET IT AWAY FROM ME. But then you recover for a few weeks and soon are able to listen to 3 O'Clock Train songs like everyone else. Some of the very best music in this genre to come out of Montreal, or for that matter or for or for. It must be the drugs.

Montreal's OG Records is doing well with the success of the compilation *It Came From Canada*. The young label (run by Gerard of **Deja Voodoo**) has (im)pending releases from **The Gruesomes** (imitation 60s-zykodedelia) and **Deja Voodoo** (sluuuuuuuudge). Albums are due from both groups, and the Gruesomes affair will include 12-14 songs; the title they're tossing around is **Bikers From Hell** (which is also the title of an instrumental number from their repertoire!) Gerard also promises *It Came From Canada Pt.2*, which will feature songs from gurus **Deja Voodoo** ('3 Men, 1 Coffin'), **The Gruesomes** ('Jack the Ripper'), **Condition** ('The Creeper'), **Chris Houston** ('Girls are Swell'), and Vancouver's **Zamboni Devices** ('Skating Ghost'). Toronto's **Shadowy Men** have just been confirmed for a track as well. If you have a band or know someone who does, and are interested in getting on the album: get yer azz in gear and rush off the best tape you have to OG, Box 152, Station F, Montreal, Quebec, H3J 2L1.

Another local band which has been around for a long time is **American Devices**. Occasionally appearing like some kind of dirty, stinking apparition, the Devices don't seem to be overly concerned with advancing themselves. They play a few live shows a year and contributed to a few compilations (*From Montreal and Primitive Air-Raid*). Their sound is hard to describe. It is very easy to dislike the textured, confusing, and somewhat repetitive layers of noise the Devices wrench up. Their sound is hard to describe. It is even easier to dismiss them entirely. Waaaah Waaaah. There is actually some vibrant music in **American Devices'** collection of zongz, but it tends to get lost in the murk.

They recently appeared with **The Jesus & Mary Chain** (the Gruesomes were also on the bill) at the Spectrum. The Gruesomes did a reasonably tight set consisting, as usual, of mainly ho-hum cover versions of sicksties toons. Nothing to brag about. The Mary Chain girls did a very unenthusiastic 40-minute set. They sounded good and loud but kept a distance from the audience. About 100 kilometers an hour. The visual highlight of the evening came during the **American Devices'** set. As the curtains opened, the audience gaped in awe at six-string bassist Rick Trembles, who plucked furiously whilst dangling upside down from a jolly jumper type contraption made out of a real street light perched on a base held up by a dozen or so wheelchair wheels. It looked as confusing as it sounds. The contraption was a borrowed prop from the film "Shirley Pimple." Mr. Trembles also stars in the film, which is currently in post-production (under the helm of Demetri Demetrios the *jeune fille* terrible of Montreal underground cinema).

As it turns out, Demetri happened to be in the wings of the stage and was dragged out and hoisted on to the humiliation machine. While the Devices droned away, Demetrios was treated to a free haircut in front of some 900-odd people. (A little old man came onstage and cut off the majority of Demetri's greasy locks.) He thrashed away while members of his film crew (who shot the event for the movie) held him down. People showered the stage with insults, and the **American Devices** played another disappointed set. Song titles are straight to the point: 'Gory Story,' 'Suck My Rocks,' 'Womb Service.'

The band has an album in the works, part of which was culled from a recent performance at the Douglas (Psychiatric) Hospital here. According to Rick, it was a memorable show, attended by patients ranging in age from 14 to 70. He also said that while some members of the "audience" seemed interested in the band, others sat staring at the floor or ceiling with their eyeballs bulging ferociously. Apparently the patients were lured to the event by a promise of smoked meat for all. Rick said the seating arrangement was also rather unconventional, as half the audience faced each other, as well as the back of the hall. Perhaps Montreal has a new venue for bands to play...

Montreal is possibly the only major city in Canada without a full-time, University-affiliated FM "alternative" radio station. CFRM at McGill University and CRSC at Concordia U. have both put in applications for a license, and one of them could be on the air by September. Montreal has gone without long enough. If cities like Ottawa and Calgary can have licensed "Underground" stations, then there's no reason why Montreal shouldn't. Do you care?

By the way, the Blue-collar strike is now over. But the stench lives on.

## club cont.

O'Brien: It's crazy! When we first opened we were giving food away and the government said, 'Well, even if you give away food people have to eat it or you can't count it as a sale.' 'Okay,' I said, 'If people don't finish their drinks does that mean we don't have to count it?'

Charlton: I find it distracts me from putting my mind to more creative matters. Instead I'm scrambling around these stupid laws. They don't want to change (the law) because it's keeping a bunch of bureaucrats in comfortable jobs.

Freid: The drinking hours, the Sunday regulations, the food ratios—these laws are just dumb. Dumb as dirt.

Charlton: I'd really like to see changes but I don't seem to have enough time to sit at home and watch T.V. for an hour. I don't have the time to create and organize changes because I have a business to run.

Most of managers say dealing with bureaucrats is the toughest part of their job. But there are other hurdles to surpass like:

Charlton: Staying sane!

O'Brien: I think the hardest thing is dealing with the laws and the bureaucracy. I hope it will soon be easier to do business with them.

Freid: It's the hours that really get you and as you approach middle life, it becomes more difficult.

O'Brien: It wears you down. It's corny, but the staff looks up to you, and if you're getting bent it reflects on them.

Charlton: Working where other people play is very difficult sometimes.

Morrison: You guys must be burnt out. I've only been at this every-night-of-the-week business for a couple of months.

Charlton: But when you stand back and see a large number of people really enjoying themselves, you really feel good. Because you played a part in making that happen. Those moments don't happen often but when they do, they're worth it.

O'Brien: I totally agree. You really get addicted to that buzz—it's like throwing your own party.

Joe: Ya gotta love it!

Final Note: After the tape button was pushed and the family portrait taken, most of the managers stayed behind to discuss the poster problem. Six months ago, they all received a letter from the Department of Public Works, urging management to help stamp out street posters advertising club events; usually made and distributed by the bands/artists themselves. The Department Of Public Jerks asked the club owners not to book bands who pollute public property with their disgusting slogans and disgraceful imagery, and had a list of about 50 culprits.

"I like to read my way down the street," said O'Brien, adding it's ridiculous that the government is trying to solve a (imaginary) problem by going after the clubs.

"They should make public notice boards," suggested Jimmy.

Stern called Public Works officials and told them posters are a traditional, economical mode of communication. "They're just doing their jobs, which they're probably not thinking about, so I don't get mad at them. But the whole thing is mindless and silly."

Nothing has happened since the phone call, so I presume the SWAT Team has yet to be called in. Meanwhile, mind the 54 dollar fine assault liable to sap the neighbourhood soon.

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# Prastic Plastic

The Rolling Stones  
*Dirty Work*  
Rolling Stones Records

What happened was a goof, really. I brought the new Stones' album home and stored it on the only side of a cassette I could find. It just so happened that the A-side of the tape was filled with Husker Du's *Candy Apple Grey*. Which sort of had me worried: how would the Stones, pushing 50, sound next to the world's premier hardcore band? But it ended up making perfect sense. For the morning subway rides, *Dirty Work* is the grungiest, most physically abusive way to start the day since Husker Du's *New Day Rising* (I prefer *Candy Apple Grey* as an end to a depressing day). Also it points to a painfully obvious irony: the Stones—old, tired, bombastic and filthy rich beyond belief—have made an album with more headbangs-per-minute than the Minneapolis trio (young, angry, possible inheritors to the title of "World's Greatest R'n'R Band"). Nothing on *Dirty Work* comes close to matching the frightening, desperate 'Crystal' from *Grey*, but for sheer, unrelenting noise velocity, *Dirty Work* might be unequalled by anyone this year.

*Dirty Work* is the real deal, the big one, a last ditch effort to confirm their insanity. The Rolling Stones don't want to "comeback" anymore—they're here to steal your teenage daughter again.

You may have heard this is Keith's record. He's there alright, shattering any rumours that he might be dead, a frozen man propped up with drugs so he can walk and talk. The mix is dominated by guitars, and 'Had It With You' is surely his idea; the best Chuck Berryish throwaway they've done. And the coolest looking man in the rock biz closes off the album with 'Sleep Tonight' a tender, slightly terrifying ballad that reminds me of 'Moonlight Mile,' which closed off



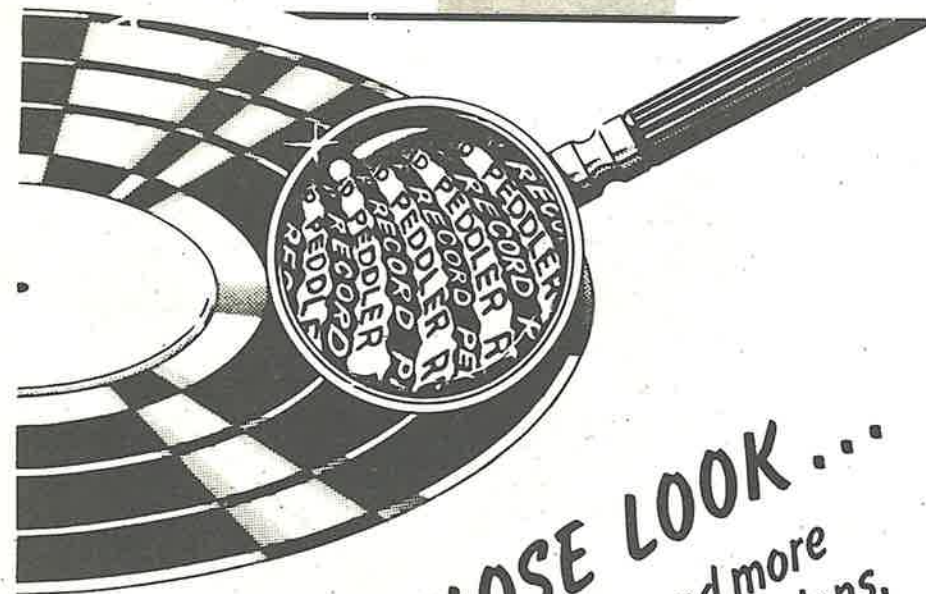
*Sticky Fingers* in much the same way. It's a strange, demented pleasure to hear Keith sing: "You always watch the sun go down/The same old shadows crawl over town/Those thoughts of you, it shivers me/The moon grows cold in memory."

The real star of this record, though, is Prince Jagger, the pretentious bore who's been the hip bad boy among gossip columnists for two decades solid. On every record since '78's *Some Girls*, he's sounded contrived and posed (which doesn't mean he hasn't thrown in the occasional brilliant performance); here he's a bit ch—cranky and indecipherable most of the time. 'One Hit (To The Body)' draws such an obvious comparison to 'Gimme Shelter,' not just because the music is so pulsating, but because Jagger hasn't sounded this desperate since that period. If there's a major flaw with *Dirty Work*, it's the implausible theft from black music. Actually, I kind of like 'Harlem Shuffle,' but can do without the flat reggae/rock, 'Too Bad' (a more successful and less self-conscious foray into Jamaica can be found on *Black and Blue*'s 'Cherry Oh Baby'). I'm somewhere in between with the anti-nuke, 1999-inspired 'Back to Zero,' although even I get a kick out of Jagger's exhortation to "go ahead, throw down!"

Joyce Millman, who panned the record in *The Boston Phoenix* suggested a cover: Run-DMC's "King of Rock." I'm obliged to concur, if only because the opening lines would mean the world coming out of Jagger's mouth: "I'm the King of Rock, there is none higher/Sucker M.C.'s should call me sire!"

This is the Stones at their finest, and if you choose to ignore this record simply because of recent failures, I'll have to let Mick himself deal with ya: "You're a mean mistreater. A dirty, dirty rat scum..."

Scott Woods



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Cramps  
*A Date With Elvis*  
Big Beat Import

The summer of '80 was a bleak moment for rock and roll. Britain had already spent itself, American hardcore was amorphous and localized, and the pall cast by *Second Edition* and *Closer* was just around the corner. It was so dismal, people were even known to get excited about the Talking Heads.

Slithering up from the N.Y.C. sewer system, the hottest thing from the North to come out of the South, the Cramps seized the void and tore it up with *Songs the Lord Taught Us*. It's impossible to convey fully the religious fervor that *Songs* instilled into those of us who believed. My memories of the summer of '80 consist entirely of the Cramps' pilgrimage to the Edge, specifically that of Lux Interior drinking water out of my shoe. Don't ask me to explain.

Their secret agent at the time was Bryan Gregory, the missing anthropological link between Ed Gein and Gibby Hayes. Right after *Songs*—and about a week before the Edge date—Gregory fled for, uh, theological pursuits, a devastating loss in retrospect. The band didn't exactly peter out thereafter, they kinda fell off a cliff: the desultory throb of *Psychodelic Jungle*, a long silence, the negligible *Smell of Female*, another long silence. Six years of jerking around.

*A Date With Elvis* saves the Cramps from the scrapheap—or rather, buries them in it all over again. Don't know what got into Lux and Ivy—not sure I want to know—but this is the Cramps record I've been craving. *Elvis* begins with the promise, "I know a place that's far from here/where the squares, they won't come near," and then fulfills it with a brilliant tour through lust and obese American iconography. This may be as close as they ever come again to the mayhem of the Brian Gregory days.

Each side is conceptually self-contained. Excepting the devotional anthem 'People Ain't No Good', the titles on side one should suffice: 'How Far Can Too Far Go?', 'The Hot Pearl Snatch', 'What's Inside a Girl?', and the hit single 'Can Your Pussy Do the Dog?'. That's pretty clear, right?—textual analysis wouldn't illuminate much more. The keynote is Lux cutting loose on 'What's Inside a Girl' ("ain't no hotter question in the so-called civilized world"): "whatchagotta-whatchagotta-whatchagot in there!"

Side two is more obscure, and I have to credit my friend Peter (a devout Crampologist who swears by even *Smell of Female*) for a reading I concur with: it is, indeed, their date with late-sixties-comeback Elvis, but the burger-chompin' camp icon of Viva Las Vegas and 'No Room to Rhumba in a Sports Car'. Check it out: a double-entendre ballad ('kizmaz'), a barnyard stomp, a hymn to food, a steamy poolside hip-swiveller, and a postcard from Blue Hawaii ('Aloha From Hell'). And to finish up, the vocal on 'It's Just That Song' is such an eerie comp for El at his most maudlin. I'm convinced it is him—that he's alive, that the story I read in the *Enquirer* about a secret deal between Colonel Tom Parker and some Martians is true.

Never thought I'd be able to say this again, but it just might be true: ain't no hotter band in the so-called civilized world.

PHILLIP DELLIO

Prince and the Revolution  
*Parade*  
Paisley Park/WEA

So what, exactly, are we supposed to make of this greasy, vain, androgynous twerp who's hyped himself to teenybopper superstardom by nasally whining and falsetto-cooing his absurd theory that God and Orgasm are equal?

Beats me. I'll grant you he's the only possible successor to the thrones of Little Richard (outrageousness), Sly Stone (funk above and beyond the call); and Jimi Hendrix (dreamy mysticism). But I won't grant you that the prettyboy deserves to be mentioned in the same breath.

These men were innovators, musical revolutionaries; Prince is a synthesist, a revisionist, at best a pale copy of one or two things each of these true originals did first and better.

Now, he's mimicking even the most mediocre of models. On the cover of this new slab of vinyl, Prince is going for the Madonna look, all hanging medallion and belly exposure. And in the grooves, he's chasing after the Michael Jackson Falsetto Facsimile Award. (As if 40 zillion copies hadn't given us all quite enough of that, thank you. Maybe Mikey should erect a set of double arches, or something.) Elsewhere, we have "His Royal Badness" imitating the superior talents of George Clinton, James Brown, and a whole lotta Stevie Wonder, 70's-style.

Wonder's vocal phrasing is copied letter-perfect on 'Do U Lie,' a slice of Tin Pan Alley pap that finds Prince confiding to us from his *boudoir*. And the vocal key shift in the chorus of 'Sometimes it Snows in April' is uncannily Wondersque. 'Anotherloverholenyohead' uses the same chromatic melody, off-kilter punch-beats, and fluid harmonies that became Stevie trademarks around the time of *Inner-Visions*.

Vocally, Prince has become too damned spoiled to sing anything straight-ahead anymore, which spoils his records: 'Girls & Boys' sets up an uptempo groove, a coy vocal, and some fat sax, then falls into a tub of shit when Monsieur Nelson insists on his high-pitched cooing *schtick*. It worked once, a few records ago, but it's become utterly annoying.

'Sometimes it Snows in April' is a lament for a dead friend, and while it's a pretty maudlin, insipid lyric, a simple and heartfelt vocal might have pulled it off. Instead, Prince clips his words and toys with the melody so much you get the feeling he wrote the sucker as a tribute to his own voice. Where's the inspired funkster who gave us 'Little Red Corvette' (a great euphemism for female genitalia) and 'Lady Cab Driver'? Or the pervert/idiot *savant* of *Dirty Mind*?

He shows up only sporadically. The single, for instance, shows Prince in top form. 'Kiss' is falsetto, but it's sung directly, and toughens up for the final go-round. The guitar track and harmonies are sparse and sharp, the arrangement is expertly minimal, and the lyric boasts lines like "You don't have to watch Dynasty/To have an attitude." 'Anotherloverholenyohead' may be a 'Stevie' cop, but it's an aural treat, as is 'New Position,' with its percolating steel drums and nasty lyric.

This is unquestionably a good album. It usually cooks, there's plenty to listen and dance to. But the Kid is capable of much, much more.

Howard Druckman

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- FRI. 30. The Rheostatics/Fifth Column/ Thought Rockets
- SAT. 31. Ikons/First Man Over/ Supreme Bagg Team/Dreaming



# 6 Pack

Rick Rock: We've got a six pack and nothing to do...

Phil D: We've got a six pack and we're gonna review...

## S.C.U.M. Born Too Soon Psyche Industry

P: Token political gestures, slowed-down hardcore. Big fuckin' bore. Seriously, I don't like it at all.

R: I don't know. I don't mind 'Exit Death,' but I prefer the version on the Psyche compilation. You're right, though, the whole thing does mush together in a hardcore stew. What Black Sabbath album would you say they got the rhythm from? *Master of Darkness*?

P: I don't listen to that shit!

## Squirrel Bait Homestead Import

P: Great! It's like side two of *The Replacements Stink*. It's come back three years later. It's got a pop base... this is so ridiculous, I feel like I'm in a Godard movie. I love it! I like the first side better. It's loud, it's tuneful...

R: Loud? It's fuckin' loud! It's making the paint peel in my apartment, it's killing the roaches! It changes the colour of my hair, the direction that my blood flows!

P: This is gonna end up way up on my year-end list.

R: (still foaming) This is the album I wanna play for all those pussies in my neighbourhood who play Metallica in their Camaros...

P: Yeah, yeah. You were raving about Metallica last week. So you're off Metallica now I suppose.

## Dayglo Abortions Fringe Product

P: Listen, first time I didn't like it, but I went home, thought about it hard, came back tonight, drank a little, and now I think it's great. It's better than *Blonde on Blonde*. It's more important than the Sun Sessions...

R: It's better than the *Freewheelin'* Dayglo Abortions, that's for sure.

P: Honestly, what would you do if your son started a band, and he came home and you said 'What's the name of your band, Junior?' and he said 'The Dayglo Abortions.'

R: I don't know. Where would you put his record when he gave it to you? Between the Dave Clark Five and Dean Martin?

P: What's your favorite song?

R: This one. 'Dogfarts.'

## Sudden Impact No Rest From the Wicked Fringe Product/Diabolical Force

P: It's better than the Dayglo Abortions, which is better than *Blonde on Blonde*. I think these guys are primed for greatness. Pretty soon we're gonna have Casey Kasum out there, and Casey's gonna go, 'Somebody out there wants to know what's the best metallic band in Northern Ontario? Well, Jill from Idaho, the best metallic band in the week of April 9th 1986 is Sudden Impact.' It'd be great! I dare you to say something bad about them and you'll have my friend Mongo over here.

## Rhythm Pigs Mordam Records

P: Rick, I like it but you've got to take this fucker and run with it.

R: Ay-yuh. Phil, all kidding aside, I love this record. The bleary, faded-out guitar, the Minutemen and Meat Puppets influences, the post-hardcore speed, the tuneful choruses, the song about liking their dad...

P: The 'Peanuts' theme cover...

R: It's one of the greatest songs ever written.

P: I saw JFA play this and they cut JFA to pieces because JFA didn't have the Peanuts spirit.

R: This record has me at its mercy.

P: Rick, it's better than Sudden Impact, which is better than the Dayglo Abortions which is better than *Blonde on Blonde*. And up the ladder we go!

## Bob Newhart The Button-Down Mind of Bob Newhart Warner Bros.

R: What the fuck is this?

P: I don't believe it. He sold out!

R: This isn't hardcore. There's not one guitar on it.

P: I knew it. I knew this would happen when he left SST for a major label. Those first EPs were so great, but he gave in to his stand-up comic leanings.

## D.R.I. Dealing With It Fringe Product

P: These guys are so fast.

R: This is the hardcore album of the year. There are 13 songs on side two and it's only 15 minutes long.

P: Is D.R.I. the Angry Samoans of '86?

R: These guys don't know when to stop.

P: Of course they do.

R: Right. After a minute.

P: I'd like to point out that these guys were here last year. That's right! D.R.I. drove through your neighbourhood while you were watching Air Supply at the Grandstand. And now you're whining about "When are D.R.I. coming to town?"

## Wendy O. Williams Kommander of Kaos Gigasaurus/A&M

P: I'm walking by the fruit mart next to Star Sound and it's a Friday night and I've got nothing to do and I'm going to meet some friends to ransack some property. It was like she was on Entertainment Tonight. And there she was in the fruit mart. Wendy O. Williams. I had to go in. I stood there gaping like a star-struck fan. I couldn't quite say the words 'Are you you?' though she said 'yes.' I said 'What are you doing in Toronto?' She said she was here to cut a record with Lemmy from Motorhead. But Rick, catch this! She was holding a bunch of bananas!

R: This album sucks.

P: Rick! Be serious! This is, dare I say, better than Squirrel Bait, which is better than...

R: Hold it, Phil. Let's be serious here. Dave Rave said if we did a good job with this he'd let us do it as a column.

P: Yeah, and that guy told me that as soon as I started writing for the Nerve I'd start getting laid, and here I am on a Saturday night with you and Squirrel Bait...

## Absolute Beginners: Soundtrack EMI America

No, I haven't seen the movie. But that's all right—a good soundtrack record should stand up on its lonesome, shouldn't it?

The newspaper headline on the back cover of *Absolute Beginners* reads: "Phew — What a Scorch!" Do not mistake this for a description of the record. Any heat generated by this record is more like the kind you feel when you stand a few feet from a fondue pot.

Smooth operator Dave Bowie opens with the title song. In light of his other recent output, it would be an easy cheap shot to say that the first line—"I've nothing much to offer"—finds Bowie's powers of self-appraisal at their peak. But then I'd have to fib and say I don't like the song because of its cornball crooning, Liberacean piano arpeggios and a production job that sonically recreates the glories of a freshly waxed coffee table; in spite of all these drawbacks, I do like it. God save the guitar.

Sade provides "Killer Blow," a further installment of her Music for Ash-Hauling (the slow and easy kind, but watch out for that tempo change or you could throw your spine out).

Coarsing through the same laid-back vein, Paul Weller's Style Council kicks out The Jam with fuzzy slippers on "Have You Ever Had It Blue?" which begins with coloured girls singing "Doo-doo-doo" (just like they did with Uncle Lou). After some promisingly dissonant blasts of brass (courtesy of the gifted arranger and longtime Miles Davis collaborator Gil Evans, who contributes horn charts to several tunes here), the song flattens into a bland coconut groove—the colored girls start sounding too much like the babes on those Sergio Mendes platters that used to serve roughly the same purpose as Sade records do today; and Weller's latin-lover vocal affectations are strictly "Gidget Goes to Rio."

Of what's left, the best songs are Ray Davies' "Quiet Life" (a bouncy, musical melody with ironic, slice-of-English-bourgeois-life lyrics, directly descended from Kinks songs like "Sunny Afternoon") and Slim Gaillard's "Selling Out" (a catchy updating of those fast'n'funny two-beat stomps that straddled the line between jazz and R&B in the '40s—Gaillard's an authentic relic of the era). The two instrumental pieces included, one by Gil Evans and one (over eight minutes long) by ex-Special Jerry Dammers, sound like what they were no doubt intended to be: good movie music. The trouble is, like most good movie music they beg for visual correlates that my stereo just won't cough up.

Tim Powis

## Joe Jackson Big World A&M

No matter what you think of Joe Jackson—poor man's Elvis Costello, poor man's Louis Jordan, poor man's Cole Porter; all these criticisms have been levelled his way at different stages of his career—there's no denying he has a knack for writing sturdy, memorable pop songs, the kind that stick to the ribs.

He hasn't lost the knack yet. There are at least five songs on *Big World*, Jackson's new three-sided album, that would glitter conspicuously against the dull fabric of most Top 40 radio programming. That is, they exude commercial potential without sounding commercially contrived. The guy can't help it if he has a way with a tune.

Lyrical he's not as adept. His intentions are good, but he tends to get sophomoric. In "Wild West," the elegy to America's pioneer spirit that energetically kicks the album off, he sings: "You hear guns in the night and you hope they're not for you/cause a dog eats a dog then he eats his master too/In the land of the free and the not so often brave/There's both love or money now choose which you will save." Say, wot?

*Big World* is so named because it's a sort of musical travelogue that takes us to the far east (the title track and "Shanghai Sky"), the Falklands ("Tango Atlantico"), Berlin ("Forty Years"), Portsmouth (Joe's "Home Town"), and anywhere that English-speaking tourists act pushy and crass ("The Jet Set," my favorite of the bunch with its viciously twanging surf guitar and Joe's nasty sneer of a vocal).

But Jackson's strongest when he's dealing with the old pop staples: sex and love. "Tonight and Forever" is a title that portends mushiness and delivers something much better, barrelling along like a warp-speed reggae tune. "Fifty Dollar Love Affair" is too obvious an expose of the tawdry appeal of prostitution to lonely sailors; still it does more than get by on the strength of its lusty, climactic chorus. "Soul Kiss" is an embittered plea set to funky drumming. Steely Dan chord changes and Jackson's most prominent and bluesy piano playing on the record.

It's tempting to assume that what puts the power in this edition of Jackson's pop is the live-to-two-track recording—no overdubs, no post-recording mixing. Live albums consisting of songs that have already become familiar in their studio versions are old hat and frequently retouched in the studio besides. What Jackson has done—recorded a batch of all-new songs before a live audience (don't worry, you can't hear

them)—is a pretty bold step. Regardless of how good each song is, the record always has that feel of immediacy. There's no room for studio-inspired complacency in this *Big World*.

Tim Powis

## Philip Glass Songs from Liquid Days CBC

Advance publicity for this album talked of a collection of songs, but this is hardly a 'pop' record. Glass has solicited lyrics from David Byrne, Paul Simon, Susanne Vega and Laurie Anderson, but the music is very much a continuation of his work on the *Mishima* and *Koyaanisqatsi* soundtracks. This song cycle is a complete entity and his most explicit spiritual statement since the *Einstein/Gandhi/Aknaten* trilogy. Coming in a single album formant with vocal performances from Bernard Fowler (Shango), The Roches and Linda Ronstadt, and with a recent appearance on *Saturday Night Live*, this project should bring his music to another set of listeners.

One aspect of Glass' life not often mentioned in articles or interviews is his interest in Buddhism, and as the focus of his work changed from structural to thematic concerns, his spiritualism has become more evident. Glass is part of a new generation of American composers who, since John Cage turned everyone on to the Zen teachings of Suzuki, has incorporated Eastern ideas into their art and their lives. Glass' next opera is a collaboration with English writer Doris Lessing, another Zen initiate, based on her book *The Making of the Representative for Planet 8* the story of the transformation of a dying planet. *Songs From Liquid Days* seems a human prelude to that opera as the lyrics follow a person attracted to and then changed by a source of knowledge.

*Songs* ends with Laurie Anderson's "Forgetting," and again, her observational style of writing can be linked with this theme when her work is stripped of the technological references and gadgetry. Sung by Ronstadt and The Roches, "Forgetting" concerns a troubled sleeper: "The Man is awake now/He can't get to sleep again/So he repeats these words/Over and over again: Bravery, Kindness, Clarity, Bravery, Honesty, Dignity, Clarity, Kindness, Compassion."

I hope it works for you.

Chris Twomey



CHANGE OF HEART—Myke Dyer (l-r: blurton, duffy, taylor, armstrong)

## Change Of Heart 50 Ft. Up Primitive

Just prior to setting crayon to paper on the subject of *50 Ft. Up*, I noticed the sleeve photo was snapped at the BamBoo's Psychedelic Week two months back. I was there for the Lyres show, which they opened, but heck, I just get so excited in clubs I never seem to remember opening bands.

Psychedelic? Not formally (Prunes, Elevators) or lyrically (Airplane, first two Doors), but more as a matter of slow-motion, swirling mood elevation. Teardropping names like The Bunymen is one's initial reaction, but this is more atmospheric, less static. After a dozen listens, I like it a bunch.

Change of Heart anchor their songs with an impeccable sense of melody, and vocals that literally wrap themselves around the lyrics. Rave

assures me they're 'gothic teen idols,' but *50 Ft. Up* wisely minimizes most of the gothic gunk; on the other hand, enough chamber surrealism is retained to ensure their pop never gets Top-40 sappy.

The best illustration is 'Sometimes', which starts the *50 Ft.* climb. It's a vivid approximation of the tough, neo-industrial grind Joy Division snared on *Still*; as a haunting contrast it's rather beautiful. Then Change of Heart gets the pulse beating on 'Ten Miles'; no matter what the context, a change of pace invariably enhances a record's durability. If memory serves, a major problem with the Bunymen's gator opus was their inability to kick it over 3 m.p.h.

Change of Heart are: Mike Armstrong, Iain Blurton, Ron Duffy and Rob Taylor. Good work.

Phillip Dellio



# Laurie Anderson Home Of The Brave

As much as I look forward to seeing the movie, as an album *Home of the Brave* falls a bit short.

'Smoke Rings,' the opener, is one of Anderson's poppier pieces, like 'Sharkey's Day' from 1984's *Mister Heartbreak*. On the earlier song, the female back-up singers came in on an ecstatic chorus that went, "I turn around, it's fear/I turn around again, and it's love." This time they sing a similar but musically less ecstatic chorus that goes, "Ah, desire!" Elsewhere in the story Laurie plays a game-show hostess who asks the contestants (in Spanish) to choose which is more macho: a pineapple or a knife; a lightbulb or a school bus; an iceberg or a volcano. She dreams about a little town full of girls named Betty, and spots Frank Sinatra sitting in a chair blowing smoke rings that turn into a staircase and alludes to 'Down in the Boondocks' and 'Under the Boardwalk.' Good stuff.

If the rest of the album as a whole doesn't reach the heady, technotropical dreamworld of *Mister Heartbreak* or achieve the humorously unsettling starkness of *Big Science*, it's not without its moments. On 'Talk Normal,' over David Van Tieghem's kitchen-sink Caribbean percussion, Laurie—who complained that her dreams are "sort of hackneyed"—describes a nightmare in which she has to take a test in a Dairy Queen on another planet.

Some pieces seem like mere interludes between songs. 'Late Show' is nothing more than William Burrough's voice (sampled and slowed down beyond recognition), stuttering through the phrase "Listen to my heartbeat" for 4:30 over Anderson's spastic synclavier riffs and eerily wailing saxophone and guitar. Having decided in the song before it, that 'Language Is a Virus,' a notion borrowed from William Burroughs), she sings a short wordless number called 'Radar.' The album ends with 'Credit Racket,' a clamorous instrumental racket that doesn't do a whole lot except, well, end the album.

Tim Powis

Force M.D.'s  
Chillin'  
Tommy Boy/WEA

Next time you hear the original Jackson 5 version of 'I Want You Back,' listen to it closely. There is no element on that recording that is not designed to captivate the listener: Virtually every part of the tune is a hook—the descending bass line, the slithering guitar, the syrupy strings, the young voice, the doo-wop break, all of it. It's one of the greatest singles ever recorded, and offers proof that you can make bubblegum soul music that's 100 per cent valid, if you have the talent and production down cold.

There are a few young bands around today working in the same territory: Debarge, New Edition, and the Force M.D.'s among them. The M.D.'s' hype would have you believe they're a combination doo-wop/rap band in one breath. Not exactly; they're actually a bubblegum band who can, by turns, harmonize, rap, or just plain sing, in various modes.

These include ballads (top-of-the-line stuff, if you go in for it), rap (way too lame for my liking), and pop tunes (that rank with the best of the aforementioned competitors).

Standouts on this album: 'One Plus One,' an obvious Jacksonian tribute that fairly pulses along and would sound great pouring forth from a car stereo speaker; 'Here I Go Again' and 'Tender Love,' ballads that are slick but oh-so-soulful, gorgeously crooned by the band and masterfully penned by their managers and handlers; and 'The Force M.D.'s Meet The Fat Boys,' a novelty rap that plays off of the 'Gilligan's Island Theme,' and unintentionally makes the M.D.'s look like pretty sad-faced clowns, rap-wise.

Howard Druckman

## Gordon Monahan Piano Mechanics Large Piano Magnified

CBC

Toronto's foremost Piano Mechanic Gordon Monahan approaches his instrument like someone who learned all about that old *pianoforte* by shaking it apart and putting it back together. He ignores the conventional limitations imposed on the piano by those who look no further than the keyboard as a means of conjuring up musical possibilities. All's fair in love and pianistics.

'Piano Mechanics,' the piece that takes up side one of this record, begins with Monahan repeatedly striking a single low note on his keyboard and milking it for harmonics (presumably by reaching under the hood and touching the string in various places). The single note grows into a cluster of notes, from which cluster of overtones emanate. Soon he's hammering an even lower note, somehow creating a buzzing drone beneath it. Occasional tremors, also from the bass, swell and subside. He switches to a higher note, which itself becomes a buzz as the distinction between each strike of the key almost vanishes. By the time the piece ends, with Monahan's Cecil Taylor-ish rapid-fire assault on the entire keyboard, (Fingers and Arms become Four Hands) he's made likeminded excursions into the upper register, creating mutant tones so high they almost hurt.

Side two is taken up by a composition called 'Large Piano Magnified.' In this piece, Monahan goes beyond simply exploring the netherworld of his instrument to monkeying with tapes of such explorations; altering their speed, playing them backwards, over dubbing—to the point where it's no longer obvious that all of these songs originated on the piano. And by the time he's gone this far, perhaps it no longer matters.

Tim Powis

## Petshop Boys Please Capitol/EMI

You start at nine o'clock at the earliest. You probably haven't eaten much, but you can't afford it because the cheque still hasn't come in and you gotta buy at least a couple of drinks. You meet everyone, somewhere central, and hopefully someone has a car. You try to avoid all the really popular places, especially on the weekends when all the suburbs seem to migrate downtown en masse. Try to make it to at least three places before last call, and hope that your name is at the door. Round off the evening at a speak and make it home when the sun is coming up, hopefully not alone, but don't bet on it. God help you if you have a day job.

This is the first Pet Shop Boys album. It's a concept album, if you can forget about concept albums that were once about extraterrestrial hippies or how much Wagner the keyboardist listened to. The concept behind *Please* is just being young, broke, and lonely, but being aware that these are three things you'd least like to be.

From the opening song through 'West End Girls,' and 'Opportunities,' the two singles with which you're probably familiar, re-done here with an unearthly production glass, through 'Love Comes Quickly,' the next single if the folks behind this have any wits, through the eerie, minimalist petulant throat of 'Wait Til Tonight,' right to the bottom of this immaculate cocktail, this is the clubgoers experience distilled and pressed. No you won't like it if the best of REM and Husker Du define your life style, but the Pet Shop Boys don't much care. But you'd better get used to hearing this one, 'cause it's gonna drape the summer like a Wayne Clark gown.

Me? I look stupid in loafers and a linen suit.

Rick McGinnis

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## Let's Active Big Plans for Everybody IRS/MCA

By now I've come to know the routine for new Let's Active albums. Steady, constant rotation until the long-lasting hooks establish themselves. If you can say anything definitive about Mitch Easter and company, it's that the pleasures of their music arrive slowly and linger for a long time. The stuff's got what Hollywood producers call "legs".

By now I don't have to remind you that Easter produced the first two REM discs and numerous other Cactus waxworks at his Drive-in studio in the South. What I do have to tell you is that Mitch Easter has become the Todd Rundgren of this generation. Like the Runt, Mitch produces a record that bears endless repeat listenings, and will probably sound as good 10 years down the line. Like *Something*. Anything today. Or maybe the second side of *Fairful*.

Anyway, just as he did with *Cypress* (a great pop production), Easter has executed his duties with expert, tasteful production. You'll swear you've heard this or that riff before, but it'll be gone before you can figure out where. On the whole, this makes for sneaky familiarity rather than annoying *pastiche*.

There've been some changes here, though. Irresistible bassist/singer Faye Hunter only plays on half the tunes, and Sara Romweber no longer plays drums; their replacements are Angie Carlson and Eric Marshall. Mitch overdubs like crazy here, and at least half the tunes are him playing it all.

The songwriting is better than ever. But occasionally Easter fucks right up. 'Book of Last Pages' is an exercise in dumb psychedelia for its own sake, and 'Last Chance Town' sounds like too obvious a bid for the ZZ Top mainstream. But then there's a brilliant gem like 'Whispered News' to confirm just how excellent Easter and company can be.

If you've liked Let's Active so far, you'll like this. If not, this is as good a spot as any to acquire a taste.

Howard Druckman







CATHERINE—Chris Buck (heating up Swans dinner)

## Honorary hipster Of The Month

After 600 shows, The Garys have established themselves as Toronto's number one concert promoters. And part of this success is due to their crew, from soundmen to security. But one person has been a key element in fueling those many nights of musical expression, but is largely unknown to all but the crew and the musicians—many of whom have tried to hire her for the rest of their tours. She is Catherine Lalande, The Garys' caterer who has provided meals since the last days of The Edge in 1980.

Many a rock ballad has sung the woes of life on the road; much of that misery is due to a diet of junk food and quick restaurant dinners. Many musicians could tell you the only good food they will eat while on tour in North America is made by Catherine. One of the highest compliments paid to her was from Dave Wakling of General Public and The Beat. He was asked in a radio interview why they played Toronto so often; his answer was that the food was so good.

Catherine deals with the group's riders, which are their technical and personal requirements for each show. Some specify exactly what they want to eat (King Sunny Ade wants "American style fried chicken") while others just ask for a hot meal. From there, she improvises a home cooked meal for the band, their crew and the Garys' crew. For something like The Police Picnics this can total 800 people.

At the Swans show, the band's menu was vegetable and cheese pie, fried rice with nuts, Caesar salad, bread and fruit (pineapple, strawberries, canteloupe and grapes). Of course, in the tradition of behind-the-scenes rock gossip, Catherine has many stories to tell. Those saviours of pop, The Jesus and Mary Chain specified in their rider that they were not to be served junkfood (unlike most African artist who would trade a well-researched authentic Nigerian yam dish for a hamburger). But after their soundcheck what do these nasty lads from the East Kilbride do? They take the Garys' money and go to Burger King!

The Garys have had a steady relationship with The Police and their infamous manager Miles Copeland ('Miles Rockefeller' to the American underground). One Police Picnic was held up until their request for 60 white towels was fulfilled. At the last one, Catherine's breakfast was deemed unfit and \$300 worth of EggMcMuffins were sent for. "After all these shows with The Police, the only one who acknowledged

me was Andy Summers—the other two are jerks."

But the majority of the gigs are positive experiences and she names The Cramps, The Residents & The Beat as nice people. Folks like John Otway even eat at her home. Billy Zoom from X swapped Mexican food recipes with her and she prepares a special vegetarian menu for Nina Hagen. Iggy Pop even defended her talents by throwing a rival deli tray into the audience at his Music Hall gig. But Catherine's favourite is the infamous Lemmy of Motorhead, who cleaned up the band room after their Concert Hall show.

One heartwarming aspect of her job is to see "known" substance abusers coming back for seconds and thirds. As we know many musicians enjoy healthy liquid diets (the Replacements show) and their needs are spelled out in the rider. Echo and The Bunnymen request the following at every show: 24 Fosters or Black Swan beers, bottles of Gordon's, Tequila, Wine and Cider, a half crate of Guinness and a crate of Manns Brown Ale. And they do it clean. "A lot of people ask for things we can't get like Mann's Brown Ale, but we convince them don't want it, ha..." Not everyone

### Part 4: Catharine Lalande

drinks though; at the recent David Thomas show four cases of beer were left untouched, which were donated to the crew... Actually, Catherine donates food to more worthy causes whenever shows are cancelled at the very last minute. For example, after the 1984 cancellation of a Eurythmics show at the Concert Hall, \$800 worth of food was delivered to a safe house for women.

Her work is not exactly easy. Only the Concert Hall has a functional kitchen (Larry's has a kitchen but...check the photo), so she usually cooks at home and delivers the food to the dressing room. "Massey Hall is the worst! Here is a major venue with no kitchen, no showers and only two electrical outlets in the whole backstage area. And if you use them both the power blows for the whole floor! I blew the power before a Police show, and that was after trying to deliver the food in a car with a flat tire. We transferred to Gary Cormier's car but it was new and he was anxious about any spills."

But adventures in catering and playing in the infamous Dick Duck and The Dorks is what Catherine lives for, and we thank her.

CHRIS TWOMEY

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## Swans Larry's

I've had enough, this is it. I've had enough, this is it. I've had enough...

This is exciting; a new band more morbid than Joy Division or Breeding Ground. I don't shave me friggin head for nothin', y'know. I bear the diseases of a sick society, but at least I'm not alone. In the colony of the lepers, the Swans sell out everytime. It's an obese brutal world, filled with dogs eating other dogs. The world is their oyster. The Swans take it further, to the very bottom.

The show almost didn't happen. Head singer/poet Michael Gira predicted a year ago, "we don't know if Toronto is ready to pay for PAIN," Thank God for the Gays, man, at least they have a conscience.

We weren't in any mood for meeting more stupid people smiling, inviting sex from complete strangers, because, "if I don't meet some nubile soon, I'm gonna toss." No, tonight would be a night of music for happening people who are never happy, who can only get fucked up. Ever notice that? Very few happy people. Only successful, unsuccessful, unhappy and fuck-up people. Have another drink and go to sleep. BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, da, da, da, BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, da, da, da. The 'music' begins. A bass player, two drummers, a two-fingered keyboard player, a feed-back guitarist and Gira screaming, foaming, falling off his microphone. The Swans can only play noise, loud noise. But they do get to the point quickly.



MICHAEL GIRA—Doug Nicholson

This evening, the music and its terrible images come at a volume which causes internal bleeding. Life is full of pleasant surprises; the things you fear are already a part of you. The Swans play with the full intention of hitting you in the face and beating you into submission. They treat you like shit, for the idiots you are. Songs like 'Cop,' 'Raping a Slave,' 'Job,' 'Butcher,' 'Thug,' and 'Halflife,' throb like bad dope in your head. After awhile, you feel disembodied, your body's dead and your soul is choking on its own vomit. The Swans

show is like a tribal ritual of purgation and catharsis. Where most music of this genre recreates violence, the Swans' music anticipates it, castrates it, beats it.

The evening *droned* on to the gloomiest depths. I found myself alone, lost and enraptured with the force of the Swans, whose music is *not* something to hum or daydream to. No. It's a state of being when you're tired of being stoned and lucky and afraid of yourself. It's too bad things had to go this far.

Denis Armstrong

## Ministry RPM Swans Larry's Red Lorry Yellow Lorry Detroit

Ministry's new album *Twitch* came as a nice surprise as Al Jourgenson moved into the industrial dance area with his comeback to a major record deal. With the help of producer Adrian Sherwood, Ministry is no longer yuppie club fodder but serious avant hip hop bass abuse. With growls, political lyrics and sampled effects, *Twitch* is more than anyone looking for *Hallowe'en Part II* expects. In concert, we got an example of what 80s dance music could be if our club djs and owners could get their ears past the new wave.

Like the album, the show was more than the audience expected, and the vast majority of the packed RPM club were motionless—until they heard the one song they knew. Jourgenson seemed to have expected this, and got animated only during two songs from his other group, The Revolting Cocks, who featured sympathetic European experimenters Luc Van Acker and Richard 23 (from Front 242). With a 12" released and an album to come, The Revolting Cocks are minimal, loud and intense trance dance, if not completely original. But however much 'No Devotion' resembles Cabaret Voltaire, Jourgenson yelling: "the voice of God means nothing anymore" through a vocoder set stunned an apathetic audience.

Another stunned audience was to be found at Larry's after being crushed by



MINISTRY—Steve Ralph

the weight of the mighty Swans. For the uninitiated, Swans are the heaviest metal slowed to a snail's pace, lead by the shamanic Michael Gira on lead screams.

The concert began in silence as he stared at the audience who continued to talk after the band had been on the stage for five minutes. Finally a drummer signalled for the pounding to begin, bringing these disrespectful cretins into line. Gira began moving away from the P.A., towards the back of the room, and I'm sure that for some, the night was already over.

Intensely loud Swans' music aims for a devastating body blow with a nightmare message to finish off the head. "Money's flesh, money's flesh in your hand," began the next piece, initiated before the audience attempted to applaud. By this time Gira was circling the stage in an ever smaller space until his frantic movement was a horrific contrast to the grinding music. "You deserve it!" he repeated, as guitarist Norman Westberg strummed sheets of metallic chords. This was only ten minutes into the show but most of the audience had lost the will to think and this piece ended in total silence. This Experience lasted an hour and it's hard to say when the climax occurred, but I wanted more...

On a more traditional rock footing was the recent North American tour by Red Lorry Yellow Lorry, a post punk band from Leeds, which unfortunately didn't include a show here. But the local Red Lorry fan club organized a trip (sic) to Detroit, and we had a groovy time.

Now, post punk is a recent phenomenon that hasn't been recorded for official posterity yet, but I think it goes like this:

In the beginning there was punk. And Iggy Pop and Captain Beefheart looked down and said this is good. And punk begat the Sex Pistols, the Buzzcocks and Wire.

And the Sex Pistols begat PiL and thus post punk was begun. And PiL begat U2. And U2 begat the Arena Rock once again.

And the Buzzcocks begat Magazine. And Magazine begat Simple Minds. And Simple Minds also begat Arena Rock.

And Wire begat Joy Division. And Joy Division begat a lot of other doomy bands, but also begat New Order. And New Order begat Disco once again.

And the punters looked upon this and turned away saying, "Verily this is all crap." But lo, they beheld a new rock; small, independent minded and bursting with energy. With very few drummers. From Leeds, England, came Sister of Mercy, The Three Johns and Red Lorry Yellow Lorry, who were begat by many parents who did not trust human time keepers. And so the drum machine found new life and Arena Rock was avoided for a time.

Meanwhile the Lorries have a human drummer and the show was short but very good, just like their records.

Chris Twomey

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**Michel Lemieux  
Danforth Music Hall**

There are only two other acts I can think of that mine the same mime/performance art-theatrical/hi-tech vein as Michel Lemieux. There's Laurie Anderson, who cunningly undercuts the very technology she's employing: supremely subversive. And there's the Residents, who work in the dark, literally and metaphorically.

Lemieux, on the third hand, is essentially a cabaret performer. If Anderson and the Residents want to make you think and feel, Lemieux just wants to entertain you: Take a look at my gimmicks folks, and have yourselves a good time.

But then there's nothing wrong with that. This was the second time I'd seen *Solide Salad*, and once again it knocked my socks off. For all its gadgets, and that annoying soprano voice, Lemieux's show is a tribute to human imagination.

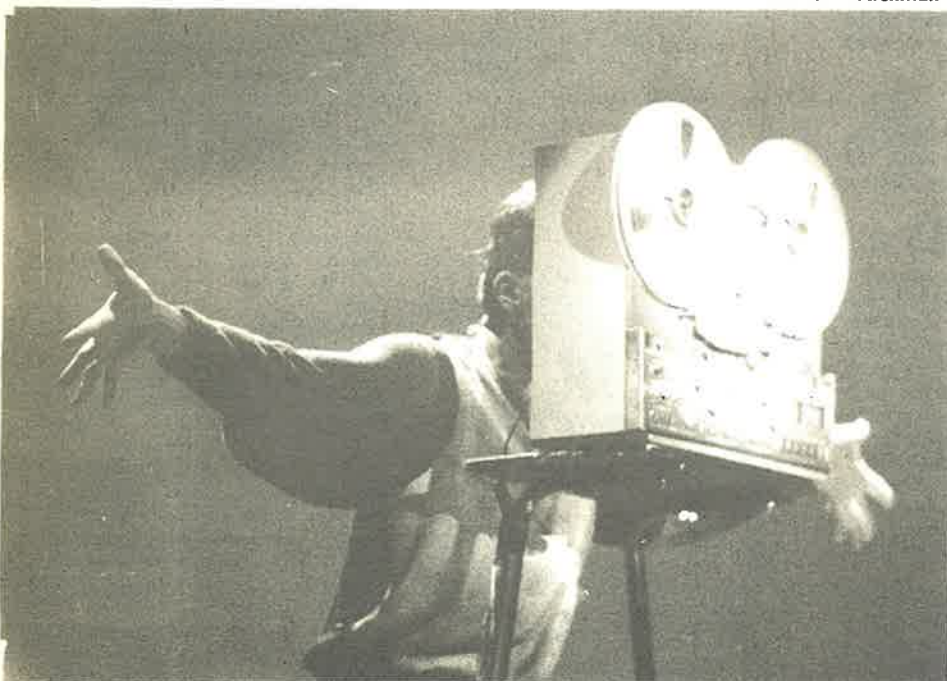
The opening vignette offered a collection of

large geometric shapes dancing around in front of an ever-changing projection screen. After five stunning minutes of kaleidoscopically shifting colors and textures, Lemieux was revealed as the man in the geometric-shape suit.

His other routines were equally simple—and equally effective. At one point, he wore a light attached to his head, turned it toward his face and hands, and indulged in some shadowplay on a screen behind him: Something we've all done at home (shadow bunnies on the wall), taken to its logical extreme.

Later, after dry-ice machines had set clouds of smoke billowing out into the Music Hall, Lemieux strapped some mirrors on his head and hands, reflecting the spotlights in huge gaseous columns over the audience. Again, something we've all done once in a while at home (catching the sunlight in a pocket mirror and bouncing it around), taken to its logical extreme. Maybe Lemieux is more of a parlor trickster than a cabaret kind of guy. But what tricks! It may hold less insight, but *Solide Salad* is at least the visual equivalent of hallucinogenic drugs.

Howard Druckman



LEMIEUX—Steve Ralph

**David Thomas  
And The Wooden Birds  
Larry's**

Larry's Hideaway is a sleazy, subterranean haunt that rivals such infamous lowlife punk clubs as Mabuhay Gardens in San Fran and CBGBs in NYC. Acid-gobbling, leather-jacketed underground music fans in vampire makeup coagulate at Larry's to witness bands like Screaming Sam, Forgotten Rebels, A Neon Rome and Sturm Group. So who was this fat jolly fellow, telling jokes and singing songs to a whole-wheat crowd at Larry's?

David Thomas, accompanied by Wooden Birds Tony Maimone on acoustic and electric bass and Allen Ravenstine on synthesizer, dealt out the most unusual rock music performance show ever brewed on Larry's stage.

He entranced a bewitched crowd with his self-erasing wit and ebullient 'rock' parodizing. This show was a rare pleasure.

Occasionally pumping some folksy seafaring strains from a battered squeezebox, levity was the key as Thomas whipped off one liners and did impressions of dinosaurs. He pictured the vicious Tyrannosaurus getting sunburned in Bermuda shorts and conjured up possibly the best rendition ever of a happy-go-lucky but dumb Brontosaurus.

Imagine 200 people laughing together at Larry's: Truly a historical event. A great show.

Sigmund Piledriver



THOMAS—Buck

**Replacements  
Concert Hall**

The minute he got on stage, Paul Westerberg yanked his shirt-tails from out of his slacks. The audience barked. That was to be the extent of the band's relationship with the crowd.

This ain't no slur, but a friend noted after the concert that, "I got to the point where I felt it didn't matter whether I applauded or not." Well, sheesh, the Replacements don't really give a damn either way.

This is their greatness: Reaching far beyond the mere democracy of the REMs, the Replacements give you every opportunity to tell them to go fuck themselves. Those with patience, without the noose of fashion slung around their necks, know that the Replacements are the penultimate 80's band. In an age of safety, hip style, and good-conscience political rock movements, the Replacements go against the grind and profess useless abandon, culminating in a blurred realization in this life that is hell.

Which is precisely why some people tolerate their songs for their giddiness

and roving energy while others fall knee-deep into their drunken, beyond-trash holiness. We all, at one time or another, thought that The Sex Pistols were telling us to fuck ourselves simply because we were the bait. When we found out that they were telling us to fuck ourselves because it sold records. We lost faith and got into REM, feeling all the less masochistic and all the more art-conscious. But now we've come full circle, only with a difference; this time, the communication goes both ways, with each party slugging each other.

And no reviews. No live reviews! The review reads: They roughed up a few songs from Tim, a few more from Let It Be and Hootenany, and they played a bundle of covers that were mostly one-hit singles from one-hit bands. The crowd was rather subdued. I paid \$15 for this?

Yup. The Replacements are just filling in so that some well-read, down-home, trained-in-bars Springsteen chump can come along and do it sweeter, only with the same wardrobe. I don't mind waiting. Drinking and watching T.V. are some of the best things I do.

Dave Bidini

# MAY at the HORSESHOE

368 Queen W.

1 <b>THURS.</b> <b>PICTURE COMES TO LIFE</b>	5 & 6 <b>JUDY BROWN</b> BLUES BAND	7 <b>COLIN LINDEN</b> Record Release Party	10 <b>JACK DEKEYZER BAND</b>	12-14 <b>Ruby the Gemini</b>	15 <b>THREE BLUE EYES</b> with special guests THE LAVIN
2 <b>FRIDAY</b> <b>JOHNNY LOVESIN</b> and the GRAND SLAM BAND!	3 <b>LUKE GIBSON</b> THE JITTERS	16, 17 <b>Blue Rodeo</b>	19-20 <b>Alexis</b>	21 <b>PRAIRIE OYSTER</b> Record Release Party STONY PLAIN/RCA RECORDING ARTISTS	
3 <b>SATURDAY</b> <b>Effect World</b>	22 <b>DUKE STREET</b> RECORDING ARTISTS <b>CHALK CIRCLE</b> Record Release Party	24 <b>L'ETRANGER</b>	26, 27 <b>FROM VANCOUVER</b> <b>BROKEN SILENCE</b>	28 <b>TORONTO ARTS AGAINST APARTHEID FESTIVAL</b> "CLUB NIGHT"	
23 <b>PRAIRIE OYSTER</b> With Special Guests CHRIS WHITELEY • CATLIN HANFORD	29 <b>ARTISTITIS</b>	31 <b>MORGAN DAVIS BAND</b>	<b>What's Coming Soon...</b> • Ken Whittell's Paraphrase Revue • Blue Rules & Corp • The Red Feet & the White • Directive 17		
30 <b>Sebastian Country</b> Record Release Party					

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May 3— High Profile  
smokin' reggae  
May 5, 6— Ron Hedland  
former Downchild  
May 7-10— Professor Piano  
and the Rockin Deltoids  
May 12, 13— Crazy Felix  
May 14-17— Johnny Lovesin  
the Grand Slam Band  
May 19-20— Excursion  
May 21-24— Jack DeKeyzer Band  
May 26— Sun Zoom Spark  
May 27— Gordie & the Go Getters  
May 28-30— Jack DeKeyzer Band

**May 31: Taj Mahal**  
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tickets \$11 at Bass Peddler Wheels

DOWNSTAIRS IN THE  
LOWER EAST SIDE

May 1— Justice  
May 2, 3— Middlebrook & the Works  
May 8— Johnny Trash  
May 9— Chris Rawlings  
Christopher Obermeir  
May 15— Too Much Too Soon  
May 16— Viewmaster  
May 17— Absolute Whores  
May 22, 23— Alexis & the Response  
May 24— Stark Naked  
May 29— Blues Streak  
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**KENNY BROWN & THE PERVERERS**  
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15-17  
**MONDO COMBO**

19-21  
**JEFF HEALEY BAND**

22  
**Blues Society Benefit**

23-24  
**JUNIOR BARNES & THE CADILLACS**

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28  
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**THE STRAW DOGS**  
 Fri 30  
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**THE OTHER ONE**  
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**THE ZEBRA PEOPLE**  
 Mon 26  
 REDLIFE with guests  
 Sat 24  
 and more  
**NATIONAL VELVET**  
 Fri 23  
**ANIMAL STAGE**  
 Thurs 22  
**THE SEX ARTISTS**  
 Tues 21  
 no cover  
**RANDOM KILLING**  
 Mon 19  
 from Vancouver  
**THE DAYCLOW ABORTIONS**  
 Sat 17  
**WAS IST LOS**  
 SALEM 66 from Boston  
**JUST BORN** from Detroit  
 Fri 16  
 heavy rock  
**JETT BLACK**  
 Thurs 15  
 last party before tour  
**DICK DUCK & THE DORKS**  
 Tues 13  
**THE CHESHYRES**  
**THE CHARLIE PICKETT GROUP**  
 Mon 12  
 from New Jersey  
**ADRENALIN O.D.**  
 Sun 11  
**RANDOM KILLING**  
**THE PROBLEM CHILDREN**  
 THE FALSE PROPHETS from NYC  
 RESISTANCE from B.C.  
 Fri & Sat 9-10  
**ONE KNIGHT ONLY**  
 Thurs 8  
 London Ont  
**THE WEATHERMEN/MACGOT FODDER**  
 Wed 7  
 no cover  
**THE CHESHYRES**  
 Mon 5  
 from London Ont  
**SHEEP LOOK UP**  
 Sat 3  
 from Montreal  
**COUNTDOWN ZERO**  
 Fri 2  
**THE IKONS**  
 Thurs May 1

Allow me to introduce this column. It could be subtitled, "More punk rock than you," an indication of the subject matter to follow. It stems from a gap in the coverage of music, namely and mainly, hardcore. As mentioned, it will pertain to mostly hardcore and its ilk. However, it will also babble and ramble on about any other music.

So let's get into it. First up, all the hot news.

**Corrosion of Conformity (COC)** will be scouting for a new singer. By the time y'all read this, chances are they already have one. At last check, they were trying one at their sound-check at a show in Raleigh, N.C., their hometown. Then they flew out to the West Coast for a series of dates that will keep them out there 'til the end of April. More dirt on the singer search next time round.

Recently while on tour, COC played with **Black Flag** in El Paso, Texas. Herr Ginn of the mighty Flag was much taken with the band, and intends to release their new album on his SST label.

Also joining forces with the Lawndale label for their next albums are New Yawk's **Sonic Youth** and them **Bad Brains** from Hank Rollins' town, D.C. Word is that the Brains' H.R. should be sprung from the big house in July, his visit there a result of his being busted in March for the umpteenth time for close proximity to the demon weed. Good thing the album is already in the can.

Also on the D.C. front, **Rites of Spring** are back together. It is, of course, entirely possible that they will have broken up (again) in the time it takes to print this.

In the same house, **Embrace** is no more as of the beginning of this month. Embrace contained none other than Ian MacKaye (**Minor Threat**) and members of **Faith**. This put shut to their scheduled weekend out with **Dag Nasty** in Connecticut, N.Y. and Boston. **Dag Nasty** is the other **Minor Threat** 'splinter' band with **Brian Baker**. Also includes D.C. **Smalley**, ex-Dys, the man with the million-dollar vocal chords.

During the course of their nine month existence, **Embrace** recorded about a dozen songs, slated for vinyl. At this point its release is unlikely. One could liken their current state of affairs with that of **Minor Threat**.

In '85, a three song EP was released on **Dischord Records**—**Salad Days** by **Minor Threat**. It was recorded almost 18 months prior to its release, a release opposed by some on the grounds that it was posthumous, among other things. The argument for releasing it was that it shouldn't just be a cassette floating around with only "hip" people having access to it. Everyone should be able to hear it.

Therefore, your next mission is to put pen to paper and write to Mr. MacKaye, expressing the wish that the **Embrace** material be released for public consumption. If only because you've been wondering exactly what the man has been up to since the demise of **Minor Threat**. The address: 3819 Beecher St. NW, Washington DC 20007 USA.

## Happy trails

by Jill Heath



When quizzed about just what exactly was wrong with **Dischord Records'** house inhabitants, as their bands were always breaking up, one occupant cried off, claiming, "It's something in the water."

Ian MacKaye is already involved in a new band, with two songs already recorded. And on the subject of **ex-Minor Threat** people, **Lyle Preslar** continues to be a **Meatman**. (*Against his Mother's advice, I presume* —Ed.) **Meatmen**, out on a short tour, should have sweltered their way through Florida by the end of April, crossing paths with **Gang Green** in Orlando and Miami.

On the drunkcore front, **Gang Green** were the one and only band to play host at a big skate fest in Savannah, Georgia, at one of the world's largest half-pipes, while on their head for the sun tour.

After adamant denials and refusals, the **P.M.R.C. Sucks 12"** will be repressed, but only a very limited run of 500. That's the number of extra jackets lying around. The original pressing was 1500 and is sold out. Of its success on Boston radio, guitarist **Chuck** was heard to growl, "It's a joke that's gone too far. It was never intended to get air-play." Be that as it may, the hit tune, a cover of 'Voices Carry,' originally and very disgustingly done by 'til Tuesday, is still rocking the Boston charts.

Upcoming from **Taaang!** records in Boston is an undecided number of **Gang Green** songs on a 12", including a few previously released tunes. Also, an album from an older Boston band, **Moving Targets**. Production is by the man who makes the live **Huskies** music to your ears, **Lou Giordano**.

**Straw Dogs** still have a new album coming out, now slated for release some time in May.

Caught live in the act were **Black Flag** in Providence, R.I., a few weeks back. This will be their last tour for a year. On the agenda for Mr. Rollins after the tour ends in July: 3 weeks in Europe touring the death camps of WWII; 2 months in Australia making a movie with **Nicholas Cave**; a new book approximately 500 pages in length, called *Hallucinations of Grandeur*; a live reading cassette which should be out even as you read; and yet another 300 page book, *Chainsnake*.

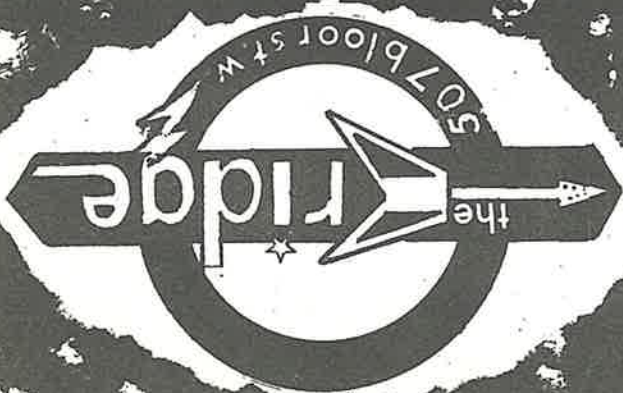
New **Black Flag** product in the form of a 'live' video was shot recently and is on its way, a follow-up to *Live 84*. "We rented a sound studio and did the rock'n'roll thing," Rollins explained.

Weird double bill award for the month of May goes to the **Flag/Troublefunk** show in NYC on the 17th.

On the N.Y. scene, the **Cro-Mags** have added a member of **Kraut** to their line-up. And **Kraut** have added ex-UK Subs axe-man **Nicky Garrett** to their line-up. Joining forces with **Agnostic Front** is ex-Battalion of **Saints** guitarist **Chris Gates**. Meanwhile, **Cro-Mags** have been signed to **Run DMC's** label, **Profile**. Album out soon.

Finally, a big congrats to **Negative Gain** for their record deal with **Pashead**.

That's all you get.



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## Vancouver report part One: article and photos by Bruce Lam

the sounds of

# zulu

Vancouver is a relaxed creative atmosphere. It's a great place to raise a lawn and start a band. These days it's Expo '86, not London '77. But there's a good buzz in the air.

It's a music hungry city, fed by the independent record labels, each with their own independent sounds and independent declarations. Characterizing the new third wave of Van bands is a more realistic, mature attitude; the attack on the injustice of the world is much more thought out.

Zulu Records, on West 4th, is situated on the other side of the bridge that takes the traffic and buses to downtown. A steady stream of music connoisseurs drop by to pick up imports, collectables, and the latest in independent Vancouver products. And of course, you can nab records and cassettes of Go Four 3, Brilliant Orange, the Enigmas and Slow, who comprise the roster of the Zulu label. Zulu Distribution shifts records for Zulu, Mo-Da-Mu (the Modern Dance Music label of Animal Slaves, and the latest addition by the excellent Rhythm Mission), Gangland the offshoot of Mo-Da-Mu (54-40 and Bolero Lava), and lately the hardcore roster of Undergrowth (the label of Collector's RPM record store).

Zulu Distribution is primarily active between the west coast and Winnipeg, in agreement with Bonaparte Distribution. It reaches the lucrative eastern market via the Record Peddler and Merry-Go-Round. In turn, Zulu handles the Peddler label Fringe Product in the west; I remember the bizarre sight of stacks of square astro-turf in the office space of Zulu Records, part of Chris Houston's record cover.

Zulu Records' objective is to avoid the syndrome of their bands being famous only on their own turf. Grant McDonagh is a young chap with an encyclopedia of the Vancouver music scene secured in his head. He worked on the revolutionary punk magazine "Snotrag," which ran for 19 issues on an irregular basis. After a brief sojourn to England in 1979, he began work at Quintessence record store. The Quintessence label became Vancouver's haven for the independent minded—it was the heyday of Nick Jones and Pointed Sticks, Art Bergman in his prime with the K-Tels (who became the Young Canadians), U-J3RK5 (pronounced you-jerk, one time member Danice MacLeod continues avant garde art of noise with Bamff), Modernettes, Subhumans, Dishrags; you get the picture. Anyone who wants to remember would do well to hunt down the Vancouver Complication.

Zulu Records arose from the ashes of Quintessence. In a restaurant on Granville Street, Grant's fish and chips get cold while he relates the philosophy of Zulu.

"If there were no good bands in Vancouver, there wouldn't be a Zulu label," he begins.

McDonagh is no svengali with a stable of bands under his thumb. "I certainly don't want to stop them in their paths. I just want to make the bands a little more experienced in what to expect. Who knows, a major label might come up and sign them. My whole thing is to make them as popular as I can until someone else comes along. And if nobody else does come along, we had a good time and we'll continue. Who cares if we only sell a thousand or two thousand copies? We're enjoying it for the love of the music."

McDonagh is quite content with the four bands in the label. "I don't want to spread myself any thinner; I want to work with all of them as best as I can. I can't be there all the time, but I like to think I'd be there if they called me."

With my discovery of Zulu bands, I detected a 'street smart' sense; the bands are determined to do things right the first time. The Enigmas are experienced, charismatic "veterans" with latent sobriety amid their manifest 'party' philosophy; Go Four 3 are ambitious and dedicated modern popsters; Slow are serious rockers with no visible regard for history or their elders; Brilliant Orange are cautious, but imploding with assurance.

Gord Badanic is a one-man promotion team for Zulu Records. He does the rounds to the major chain stores such as A&A, A&B, and the independents like Collector's RPM (the home of the Beatles museum), Odyssey (where Terry McBride and Mark Jowett of Nettwerk/Moev perch), Zeet, Revolution and Neptune. Badanic is also the major kinetic force behind Go Four 3.

### THE ENIGMAS

A definite buzz fills the packed, steamy Railway Club in anticipation of Vancouver's (or Scotland's—depends on who you believe) Tartan Haggis on stage. The patrons of the members-only club swirl back B.C. cider and English beer. Everyone is there. The kilted Tartan Haggis are loud, funny, and they play tarted-up Scottish versions of all your favorites—even the MacMan theme! (Batman to you). Tartan Haggis are strangely wild, but by no means Enigmatic. When I meet Tartan Haggis later at the 666 studio, I point out that their kilts weren't as

short as normal. The Enigmas' singing saxophonist Paul McKenzie tells me Tartan Haggis "normally wear micro kilts, the latest fad in Glasgow. Unfortunately their fashion designer was tied up that day." New bassist Billy Barker further informs me the skirts "were modelled by McTwiggy in the late 60s."

The walls of the Enigmas headquarters are lined with posters of the Cramps, Siouxsie, and a massive painting by I Braineater.

Their first, self-titled disc came out on their autonomous Mystery Records, quickly becoming a collector's item, with the aquapyschotic track 'Teenage Barnacle'.

"Apparently there's a record label in Ontario called Mystery. We got a phone call from them at one point; the guy wanted a cut of the action. We told him how much we had lost on it; we never heard from him again," says Mike Davies. *Strangely Wild* followed; the lyrics were more bitter, with a lot of groovy melodies.

If you happen by the liquor store on Robson St. on Saturday afternoons, you can see The Enigmas in real, live technicolour.

Yes, the world is a stage and sometimes it collapses on them. At a battle of the bands at The Pit, Paul recalls: "a bunch of tables lashed together for the stage fell apart during our last song. Our bass player Brian Olinek fell through the stage, Mike fell through the other side, Randy put his foot through the kick drums and I started vomiting on front of the stage. I think the rest of the lights blew out, too. Some Big Hand was pointing at us."



ENIGMA Paul McKenzie

The band doesn't like to dwell on psychedelia and don't count themselves as part of any "revival," though their name got attached to the movement, they aren't bandwagoning at all. It was just a case of bad timing.

Paul recalls that "the Nerve put us on the grilling for that. They were a very nice couple. They could drink a lot of beer. Also, we introduced table surfing to the crowd at the Beverley." Table surfing? "You get on the table, kick off all the drinks and surf."

In the long run, the Enigmas are searching for comfort, self-sufficiency, "dancing girls and English motorcycles." They all own Triumphs. "We all have the same girlfriend which saves a lot of money because everyone takes her out on a different day which is really good. It was one of the best things we ever agreed upon," says Billy.

Paul: "Actually our one girlfriend is Roxanne. And she's going to be changing the name from Go Four 3 to Go Four 5."

### GO FOUR 3

"Go Four 3 write great pop melodies; they're almost Beatlesque at times," notes Grant McDonagh. The name "goes back to the first space shuttle launch," says drummer Rockin' Rob Tomkow. "When a shuttle landed they used the term 'we're go for 3.' It's an old naval term; it means on approach, over the carrier deck and a perfect hookdown landing. We changed it from 'for' to 'four' because Roxanne likes numbers."

Go Four 3's family tree branches through countless formations. It starts with the revolutionary moptopped Zoo, which transcended into the 4 Imposters, then Culture Shock. The latter attracted massive hordes of girls, and somehow the Debutantes were born: Five girls on stage at any one time singing, playing sax and keyboards, along with the lads. A farm girl from Vernon studying psychiatry, Roxanne Heichert became the Debs' lead singer. The Debs rekindled the spirit of the 60s girl groups, covering the likes of the Crystals and Shangri-Las, but they also cover Rezillos, Girls At Our Best, but don't mention Altered Images.

The Debs went through 13 girls before the boys broke up the band, but not before leaving one song behind for posterity on the Waterfront compilation: 'Seventh Victim'. An original Culture Shock tune, it will be on the new Go Four 3 album in July.

Today Go Four 3 is... Culture Shock plus one! (with a few extras from the French Letters, the Tickets and the Actionists helping out on the first EP for Zulu). The production talents of Greg Reely and Ron Obvious crop up on almost every record that comes out of the Vancouver independent scene.

The 6 song EP contains the hit single and video 'Just Another Day'. Achieving medium rotation on MuchMusic, the video depicts a rather moody group, which is certainly not the same Go Four 3 that I met.

The preproduction for the first full album is in the works, with the Go Four 3 sound honed to an edge. Quinn's slashing riffs and crunchy guitar distortion, Badanic's melodic bass and Heichert's keening voice are all more confident sounding than mere months ago, when they played in Toronto.

The band's sharp image and emphasis on pop (in the lines of Agent Orange, Buzzcocks, Skids; their own self-cited sources) has drawn them to the trendy teenagers of Vancouver. Quinn notes: "Another thing with which people identify us is not just underage but underheight, too. A lot of our fans are short because we're a short band."

"The comparisons we get to the Beatles are absolutely true!" Quinn wants to sell thousands of records.

### BRILLIANT ORANGE

McDonagh notes: "They're so professional it's scary. Graham Brown gets very red in the face; he wants people to listen to his songs, he wants them to have a good time."

Here in their rehearsal loft looking down on Gastown (the more inhabitable part of Vancouver by the railway tracks and the Expo sulfur piles), the quartet (Graham Brown, guitar/lead vocals; Mark Findler, guitar/vocals; David Glenn, bass, and drummer Mark Vee) is in the midst of playing a few numbers for the benefit of myself and their new producers.

Brilliant Orange are the latest addition to the Zulu label. A 7" single slated for release on Undergrowth, became the 4-song "Happy Man" Zulu EP. Those songs were only intended as demos. "It was an accident," Mark says. "We panicked and went into Mushroom Studio and we mixed it down as best we could. That was it. We still play the songs, but I don't think they're a good representation of our sound."

The EP achieved critical acclaim with 'Happy Man' and 'Shotguns, Cacti, and Vengeance' hitting number one on Vancouver's alternative CTR.

The main colour of the 'Happy Man' video is brilliant orange: Why write a song called "Happy Man", Graham?

"Because I was unhappy."

Brill's lyrics are often sad and doubtful, about security and a place in life, but the crafted harmonies of Rickenbacker against Fender are certainly uplifting with catchy riffs building into rousing choruses.



NOTS

"Brilliant Orange is cheery," says Brown. "People say our sound reminds them of summer."

"It's actually complicated in its simplicity," insists Findler.

(Note: Vee and Glenn have left Brilliant Orange since this interview in March; the drum seat is filled but the band has yet to acquire a new bass player.)

### SLOW

An illustrious tale in the illustrious career of

Sisu is narrated by McDonagh. He shudders, recalling their gig in the basement of Zulu. "I was at the counter. They were so loud! I just remember the walls rumbling, and I was wondering 'what the hell?' I couldn't believe how loud they were."

A year later McDonagh would still be wondering "what the hell have I done, Grant?", just after he had agreed to release the single "I Broke The Circle". Except Sisu were now called SLOW, and the world 'Has Not Been The Same' since.

Vancouver critics have been going wild over Slow's live show. McDonagh remembers attending a show at John Barley's with friend Bill Naiper-Hemy, from Pointed Sticks. "It was like a religious experience after seeing them live for the first time!" McDonagh raves. "Tom is absolutely wild! He'll jump in the audience, he'll dance on your table. It's real rock and roll."

Semlin Street is Slow territory, and the five of them (Terry, Ziggy, Stephen, Christian and Tom) are surrounding me, looking every inch teenage rockers. Singer Tom Anselmi has just turned 18 while attempting to finish high school. From behind his long flowing locks he stares at me with disdain.

McDonagh encapsulates the Slow sound as "Iggy meets the Rolling Stones meets the Germs meets CCR meets ...". They've been described as crazed speed demons, and they are boisterously sloppy in the finest Stones tradition. They cover "Gimme Shelter", teenage anthem "I'm Eighteen" (Tom means every note of it), even the Temptations' "My Girl." But their best stuff is their own material.

Incredibly enough, the first demo of "I Broke The Circle" was rejected by CTR as being commercial. Second time around, "Circle" went to number one at CTR. Retributive justice.

As Aerosmith blares out of the Slow home system, I wonder should people be shocked by Slow? Hamm replies: "To see a band as energetic as ours, of course people will be. They'll say, like, 'excellent.' People expect us to be wild."

Slow have had their share of troubles with live gigs in Vancouver; they've been booted out of overage clubs because they're mostly underage. But they've taken the Slow show past Seattle and down the California coast, they've even trudged across the Prairies in the dead of February! A two week tour took them as far east as Winnipeg, but they promise to be in Toronto by the end of July, after their Californian tour.

Back in Vancouver, Slow are packing decent sized venues: the record release at the Savoy was hailed as their best; the Zulu Revue with Slow, Enigmas, Go Four 3 and Seattle's Young Fresh Fellow sold out the Commodore. Fans who have only seen the third-generation B&W video for 'Have Not Been The Same' will have only sampled Slow's energy soundcheck pace. Slow are not Slow! The band pose on the EP cover (shot at the 16-track Aragon Studio where they produced the EP) as young soul rebels. Are Slow rebels? Tom replies: "I'd say we look like we

have some severe problems." Pointing at Terry's picture, Tom announces "He's too filthy to be a rebel." Terry turns on the innocence: "I'm not out to change the world. I'm too confused."

Next: coffee at Denny's with Velvetens, orange juice in the east end with Bolero Lava, more coffee and chocolate milkshakes on Arbutus with Mo-Da-Mu, Grapes of Wrath get the squeeze in the West end, Nettwerk is filleted in the East, pasta and orange juice with Bamff and Rhythm Mission, and what's an Undergrowth?



## WHAT'S SHAKIN'...

## Thurs 1

THE IKONS: The Bridge  
PICTURE COMES TO LIFE: Horseshoe  
QUASI HANDS: Chuggies  
ERASURE: Copa  
EXTRAS: Grossman's til Sun  
ARCHIE ALLEY/FRANK WRIGHT:  
George's til Sat  
FISHBONE/L'ETRANGER: Bamboo  
SECRET STORM/THOUGHT ROCKETS  
RIP CHORDS: Cabana  
PAUL BUTTERFIELD: Albert's Hall til Sat  
JACK DEKEYZER BAND: Isabella  
JUSTICE: Issy (lower)  
CLEARLIGHT: Diamond  
CENTRAL FIRE: Cameron  
TRUMPETS INTO SPRING/KHROMA KEY:  
Lee's  
Mayworks: Rivoli til Sat

## Fri 2

FLESHTONES/DUNDRELLS  
/SUBTERRANEANS: ElMocambo  
T4: Bamboo til Sat  
COUNTDOWN ZERO: The Bridge  
Mayworks w/ONLY HUMAN: Rivoli  
PROBLEM CHILDREN/ALIEN TELEVISION:  
Chuggies  
THE SUPREME BAGG TEAM/RAOY TAXI:  
Cabana  
TRUMPETS INTO SPRING/WHITENOISE:  
Lee's  
RIP CHORDS: Cameron  
JOHNNY LOVESIN: Horseshoe  
RAZOR BACK: Paddock  
JACK DEKEYZER: Isabella  
Michel Walsvitz: Music Gallery  
MIDDLEBROOK & THE WORKS: Issy (lower)

## Sat 3

DAVID MOTT: Music Gallery  
HERITIX/WORD OF MOUTH BAND: Rivoli  
ALTOGETHER MORRIS: Chuggies  
PERFECT WORLD: Horseshoe  
TRUMPETS INTO SPRING/KLO: Lee's  
T4: Bamboo  
THE SUBTERRANEANS/LAUGHING APPLES:  
Cabana  
RAZOR BACK: Paddock  
MIDDLEBROOK & THE WORKS: Issy (Lower)  
THE CLEANERS (Bratty 5-7): Cameron  
SHEEP LOOK UP: The Bridge  
PAUL BUTTERFIELD: Albert's Hall

## Sun 4

THIN MEN: Paddock  
ROCKET 88: Lee's  
EXTRAS: Grossman's  
Films: Rivoli  
PETER PAUL & MARY: Thomson Hall

## Mon 5

JAY DOUGLAS/KIM RICHARDSON:  
Bambop Funkathon  
RON HEDLAND: Isabella til Tues  
TRUDY BROWN: Horseshoe til Tues  
KENNY BROWN & THE PERVADERS:  
Pinetree til Wed  
CASUAL CASUAL: Cameron  
MORGAN DAVIS: Albert's Hall til Sat  
GO FREDDIE GO/PRETTY PERSUASION  
/VICTIMS OF LUXURY: Lee's  
JETT BLACK: Diamond  
NOISEBOYS: Rivoli  
THE CHESHYRES: Bridge  
IAN MCDUGALL QUARTET: George's til Sat  
JEFF HATCHER/THE JACKALS:  
Grossmans til Wed

## Tues 6

SWINGHAMMER: Cabana  
TERRY CADES: Cameron  
CLANNAD: ElMocambo  
BLUSHING BRIDES  
/G.P. & the MARAUDERS: Diamond  
WEDGE OF NIGHT/ONLY HUMAN: Lee's  
CHANGING FACES/SKYNN TYTE: Bamboo  
STURM GROUP: Rivoli

## Wed 7

STREETBEAT/DEXTER MAC  
/E.Z.G. RACHIO SOUND CREW: Bamboo  
COLIN LINDEN: Horseshoe  
NEON ROME/HANDSOM NEDS  
/SCRAMING BAMBOO: RPM  
BLUE WALRUS w/guests: Cabana  
PROF. PIANO / ROCKIN DELTOIDS:  
Isabella til Sat  
GARBAGEMEN: Cameron  
LIP SERVICE/HUNGRY GLASS  
/CENTURY'S END: Lee's  
Theatre Kathartic Benefit:  
Rivoli til Thurs  
THE WEATHERMEN/MAGGOT FODDER:  
Bridge  
FLOCK OF SEAWEEED/MODERN ENGLISH:  
Copa  
KITEN WITH A WHIP: Chuggies  
GO FREDDIE GO: Brunswick House

## Thurs 8

3 ABSENT SPANIARDS: Cabana  
JOHNNY TRASH: Isabella (Lower)  
JOHNNY LOVESIN: Pinetree til Sat  
THE RED: Lee's  
L.M.O.T.V.: Cameron  
SOMETHING EXTRA: Bamboo  
LUKE GIBSON: Horseshoe  
RAYO TAXI: Grossman's til Sat  
ONE KNIGHT ONLY: Bridge  
39 STEPS: Montreal  
LORDS OF THE NEW CHURCH/  
AMERICAN GIRLS: Diamond  
BURNING SPEAR/ERROR BLACKWOOD:  
Copa

## Fri 9

ONE OF ONE/DAVID GREGORY  
SWINGHAMMER: Cabana  
CHRIS RAWLINGS & CHRISTOPHER  
OBERMEIR: Isabella (lower)  
THE GREAT BIG FACE BAND: Lee's  
PARTS FOUND IN SEA: Cameron  
EDDIE BLUGH: Rivoli  
TIME WARP/ROB FRAYNE: Music Gallery Til  
Sat  
RESISTANCE/THE FALSE PROPHETS/  
PROBLEM CHILDREN/RANDOM KILLING:  
Bridge til Sat  
PRINCE CHARLES: Bamboo  
THE JITTERS: Horseshoe  
THE RESISTANCE: Chuggies  
GEORGE HIGTON: Paddock til Sat  
Second Anniversary Bash: Silver Crown

## Sat 10

Blues Jam (1-5pm) PRARIE OYSTER: Lee's  
HERATIX/DEMI MONDE: Cabana  
BFG: Cameron  
JACK DEKEYZER BAND: Horseshoe  
GEORGE HIGTON: Paddock

SEVENTH SENSE: Rivoli  
GROOVY RELIGION/STIGMATA MARTYR:  
Chuggies  
RESISTANCE/FALSE PROPHETS  
/PROBLEM CHILDREN/RANDOM KILLING:  
Bridge til Sat

Nightwood Theatre presents—The Edge of the  
Earth Is Too Near Violet: Theatre Centre til  
June 1  
MORGAN DAVIS: Albert's Hall

## Sun 11

ADRENALIN O.D./SUDDEN IMPACT: The  
Bridge  
Indie Films: Rivoli  
ROCKET 88: Lee's

## Mon 12

RUBY & THE GEMTONES: Horseshoe til Wed  
CHARLIE PICKET/CHESHYRES: Bridge  
MORGAN DAVIS: Grossman's til Sat  
MOE KOFFMAN: George's til Sat  
SUBTERRANEANS/LAUGHING APPLES: Lee's  
KENNY BROWN & THE PERVADERS: Pinetree  
til Tue  
KAREN YOUNG & MICHAEL DONANTO:  
Bamboo  
CRAZY FELIX: Isabella til Wed  
CASUAL CASUAL: Cameron  
JOANNE MACKELL & THE YAHOOOS:  
Albert's Hall til Sat  
Animation: Rivoli

## Tues 13

DICK DUCK & THE DORKS: Bridge  
WAYNE NEWTON: O'Keefe Centre  
CHARLIE PICKET: Chuggies  
ROCK STEADY: Bamboo til Wed  
A Wedge of Night/LIVING ROOM  
/RAYO TAXI/ZEBRA PEOPLE: Lee's  
Dante's Inferno: Rivoli  
SPIRIT: Diamond  
DAVID STOREY/FIDDLES: Cabana  
Monster Arm Wrestling: Brunswick House  
SAHARA SPRACKLIN: Cameron  
OPUS: Copa

## Wed 14

Andy Warhol's Movies: Chuggies  
FIRE/Buried Alive In the Blues  
/THE OTHER ONE: Copa  
IMAGINE: Lee's  
Poetry Sweatshop: Rivoli  
GARBAGEMEN: Cameron  
JOHNNY LOVESIN: Isabella til Sat  
BLIND SPOT/FACTORY X: Cabana  
SUNFORCE/SHEEP LOOK UP: RPM  
REV. KEN & HIS LOST FOLLOWERS:  
Brunswick House til Fri

## Thurs 15

JETT BLACK: Bridge  
3 BLUE EYES/THE LAWN: Horseshoe  
L'ETRANGER: Chuggies  
BARON: Bamboo til Sat  
VIS A VIS/RHYTHM METHOD: Diamond  
SHEEP LOOK UP: Lee's  
WEATHERMEN: Cameron  
MONDO COMBO: Pinetree til Sat  
STRANGER THAN FICTION/FALLOUT:  
Cabana

## Fri 16

SOLAR SYSTEM SAX Quintet: Music Gallery  
BLUE RODEO: Horseshoe til Sat  
JUST BORN/SALEM 66: Bridge  
THE LAWN/PARSIFAL: Cabana  
UKASE: Rivoli  
CHANGE OF HEART: Chuggies  
BRATTY & THE BABYSITTERS: Lee's til Sat  
PARTS FOUND IN SEA: Cameron  
VIEW MASTER: Isabella (Lower)  
CURTIS DRIEDGER: Paddock til Sat

## Sat 17

JUST BORN: Chuggies  
Blues Jam (1-5)/BRATTY: Lee's  
BARON: Bamboo  
VIVIAN SPITERI: Music Gallery  
CRUCIFUX/DAYGLO ABORTIONS: Bridge  
SHOTGUN NED: Cameron  
MONDO COMBO: Pinetree  
JOHNNY LOVESIN: Isabella  
ABSOLUTE WHORES: Issy (Lower)  
EXCURSION/EXPORT: Cabana  
JOANNE MACKELL / YAHOOOS: Albert's Hall

## Sun 18

VEKTOR: Paddock  
DAVID HINES: Grossman's til Wed

## Mon 19

JEFF HEALEY BAND: Pinetree til Wed  
EXCURSION: Isabella til Tues  
CASUAL CASUAL: Cameron  
PAUL JAMES: Albert's Hall til Sat  
JERRY TOTH Quartet: George's  
RANDOM KILLING: Bridge  
ALEXIS: Horseshoe til Tues  
PERFECT WORLD: Bamboo  
SUBTERRANEANS/LAUGHING APPLES: Lee's

## Tues 20

SILOUSIE & THE BANSHEES  
/MARCH VIOLETS: Massey Hall  
A Wedge of Night/PLAYGROUND: Lee's  
THE CASH BROS.: Cabana  
JOHNNY LOVESIN: Cameron  
THE SEX ARTISTS: Bridge

## Wed 21

Genaric Gallery: Rivoli  
SLEEPLESS: Lee's  
OCTOBER CRISIS/TEX & THE HORSEHEADS:  
RPM  
GARBAGEMEN: Cameron  
BAKKA PO/WEATHERMEN: Cabana  
CHRISTMANN & MILLER DUO: Music Gallery  
Caribana: Bamboo  
JACK DEKEYZER BAND: Isabella til Sat  
PRARIE OYSTER: Horseshoe

## Thurs 22

TULA: Lee's  
ROLF KEMPF/RENEVATORS: Cabana  
TRUDY ARTMAN: Rivoli  
PACIFIC ORCHESTRA:  
/LITTLE BIG BAND: Bamboo til Sat  
Blues Society Benefit: Pinetree  
BIG PARADE: Cameron  
ANIMAL STAGS: Bridge  
CHALK CIRCLE: Horseshoe  
LOVELESS: Chuggies  
ALEXIS & THE RESPONSE: Issy til Sat

## Fri 23

THE IKONS/THE SOURCE: Cabana  
Fashion Flare: Lee's  
SLEEPLESS: Rivoli  
RAY CONDO / HARDROCK GONERS:  
Cameron til Sat  
Percussive Chamber Music: Music Gallery  
JUNIOR BARNES & THE CADILLACS:  
Pinetree til Sat

NATIONAL VELVET: Bridge  
PRARIE OYSTER: Horseshoe  
OCTOBER CRISIS: Chuggies  
SEBASTIAN: Paddock til Sat

## Sat 24

STAR NAKED: Issy (lower)  
G.B.H./AGNOSTIC FRONT: Larry's  
SEBASTIAN: Paddock  
SHEEP LOOK UP: Rivoli  
JUNIOR BARNES: Pinetree  
PENNY KEMP & DAVID PRENTICE: Music  
Gallery  
DISBAND: Cabana  
RAY CONDO: Cameron  
L'ETRANGER: Horseshoe  
REDLIFE: Bridge  
BLUE BLAZER: Grossman's  
THE DECKCHAIRS: Danforth Music Hall  
CONDO CHRIST/P.O.W.: Chuggies  
Blues Jam (1-5): Lee's  
LOOK PEOPLE/NEON ROME: Lee's

## Sun 25

REG & JEANETTE SCHWAGER: Paddock  
Blues Jam (2-6)/ROCKET 88: Lee's

## Mon 26

THE CHESHYRES: Bridge  
RAPID WATERS: Grossman's til Wed  
ROB MCCONNELL Quartet: George's  
NOISEBOYS: Rivoli  
JEFF HEALEY BAND: Diamond  
FRANKI LEE & THE BOBBY MURRAY BAND:  
Albert's Hall til Sat  
BROKEN SILENCE: Horseshoe til Tues  
SUN ZOOM SPARK: Isabella  
DONNA T-BLUE: Pinetree til Tues  
CASUAL: CASUAL: Cameron

## Tues 27

Runt's 13 Hr. Movie Marathon: Cameron  
RHYTHM TWINS: Diamond  
A Wedge Of Night/GREY AREA  
/TIN DRUM: Lee's  
GORDIE & THE GO-GETTERS: Isabella  
DUNDRELLS/SUBTERRANEANS  
/3RD MAN IN/SWINGHAMMER: Cabana

## Wed 28

ARTS AGAINST APARTHEID BENEFIT:  
Pinetree, Cameron, Horseshoe,  
Lee's, Rivoli, BamBoo  
JACK DEKEYZER BAND: Isabella til Fri  
L'ETRANGER/STRANGER THAN FICTION  
/SIX MINUTES LEFT/DAVID STOREY:  
Cabana  
ETHNIC DRIVERS: RPM  
ZEBRA PEOPLE: Bridge

## Thurs 29

CEEDEES: Grossman's til Sat  
THE OTHER ONE: Bridge  
ETHNIC DRIVERS: Chuggies  
FIFTH COLUMN/VIOLENCE & THE SACRED:  
Lee's  
ARTISTITIS: Horseshoe  
MAXIMUM EFFORT ZONE: Cameron  
JEFF HEALEY BAND: Pinetree til Sat  
COMPASS: Bamboo til Sat  
THE LAWN/THE SUNDAY DRIVERS  
/KADILLACS: Cabana  
BLUES STREAK: Isabella (lower)

## Fri 30

STRAW DOGS: Bridge  
3 BLUE EYES: Rivoli til Sat  
THE CHESTERFIELD KINGS/DUNDRELLS:  
Chuggies  
MONDO COMBO: Lee's  
PRETTY GREEN: Cameron  
FIFTH COLUMN/THOUGHT ROCKETS  
/RHEOSTATICS: Cabana  
BLEEKER STREET: Issy (lower til Sat)  
PURPLE TOADS: Paddock  
SEBASTIAN COUNTRY: Horseshoe

## Sat 31

TAJ MAHAL: Isabella  
SHADOWY MEN/LIVINGROOM  
/THUTHPENTH: Lee's  
NEGATIVE GAIN: Bridge  
CELTIC FROST/VOI VOD  
/RUNNING WILD: Concert Hall  
PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS: Cameron  
JEFF HEALEY: Pinetree  
FIRST MAN OVER/IKONS  
/SUPREME BAGG TEAM/DREAMING:  
Cabana  
MORGAN DAVIS BAND: Horseshoe  
FRANKI LEE: Albert's Hall  
CHESTERFIELD KINGS/U.I.C.  
/SUBTERRANEANS: ElMocambo  
63 MONROE: Chuggies

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GROSSMAN'S—379 SPADINA 977-7000  
HORSESHOE TAVERN—368 QUEEN ST. W. 598-4753  
HOTEL ISABELLA—556 SHERBOURNE ST. 921-4167  
LEE'S PALACE—529 BLOOR ST. W. 532-7383  
MUSIC GALLERY—1087 QUEEN ST. 534-6311  
PADDOCK—178 BATHURST ST. W. (downst.) 364-2536  
PINETREE—650 QUEEN ST. W. 364-5258  
RIVOLI—334 QUEEN ST. W. 596-1908  
RPM—132 QUEEN'S QUAY E. 869-1462

## Lettuce

## Nerve:

In the April edition of Nerve on Page 21, the  
review about *Music Directory Canada '86* contained  
erroneous comments made by the interviewee Ted  
Burley.

Ted Burley was, in literal fact and print, the editor  
of the directory. But he did not "compile" the direc-  
tory, as he stated, nor did he have a "staff of two"  
working on it.

I appreciate the positive comments about the  
directory made by Jack Slack. It was my intention to  
cover as many facets and levels of the Canadian  
music industry as I possibly could, including in-  
troducing the "alternative" music scene. But with  
only the manpower of one person, namely me, many  
exclusions were unfortunately made.

What I would like to put straight is the already  
plunged knife in my back.

Unfortunately, our dear Ted, self-proclaimed saint  
of the "underground" of Canadian music, had  
nothing to do with the extensive coverage of this  
musical genre, or researching and compiling the  
whole bloody book.

Because of my own interest in this area, and the  
many friends and contacts across Canada, I was  
able to scrape together what appears in the book  
and present the Canadian music scene as a  
"reasonably inhabitable place." And if there would  
have been "a staff of two," believe me, the directory  
could have been even more comprehensive than the  
reviewer feels it is.

Also, this is the third edition of the directory, not  
the second, as Burley stated. For monetary manage-  
ment reasons, the "personal commitment to raising  
the profile of Canadian music" wasn't felt by the  
publisher in 1985.

"Personal commitment"—to make as much  
money as possible at anyone's expense. Beware of  
the honeyed bee who zapped the flower from whom  
he received his life.

Corrina Holunga  
Managing Editor, Music Directory Canada '86.

I don't know if my mind has become clouded with  
swamp mud, but I seem to see an excessive number  
of bright coloured cartoon-like monster pictures.  
They invade sides of buildings, bathrooms, murals,  
newspapers.

I have nothing against art and, gosh, I was raised  
on Maurice Sendak stories, but these paintings are  
very tiresome and their humour has long since faded.

Hopefully, the meteor will smash the earth, the  
dust cloud will rise, and once again the dinosaurs  
will become extinct.  
Sven McGirr, T.O.



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Tues May 6

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Thurs May 8

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LORDS OF THE NEW CHURCH/THE AMERICAN GIRLS

Tkts BASS, Peddler, Club

Tues May 13

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Thurs May 15

VIS A VIS/RHYTHM METHOD

Monday May 26

THE JEFF HEALEY BAND

Video release party tkts \$3 'The Best in T.O. Blues'

Tues May 27

RHYTHM TWINS

European record release party—Tkts \$3

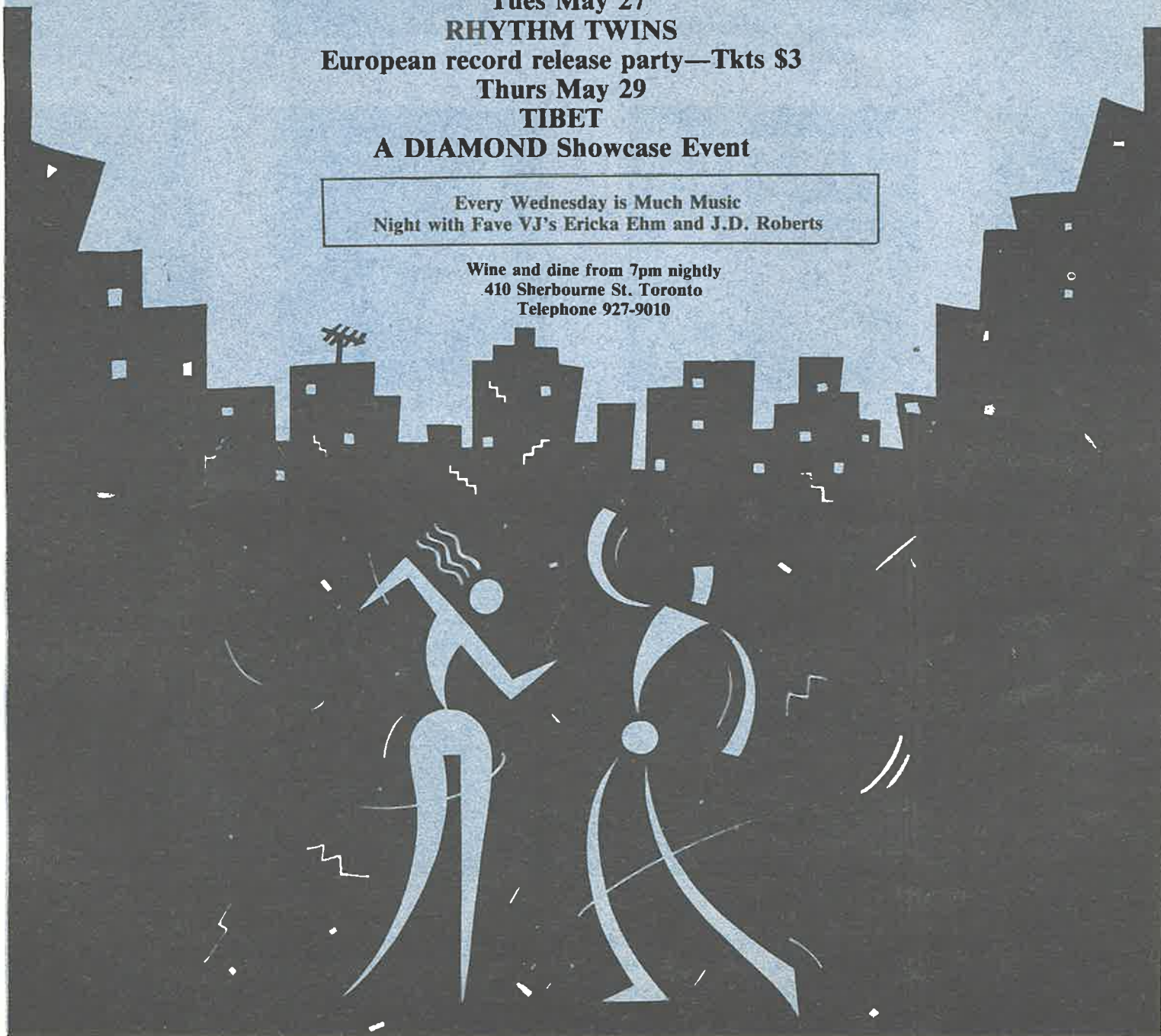
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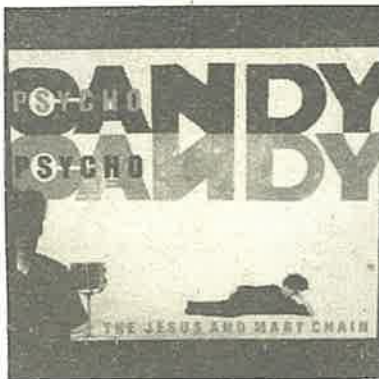
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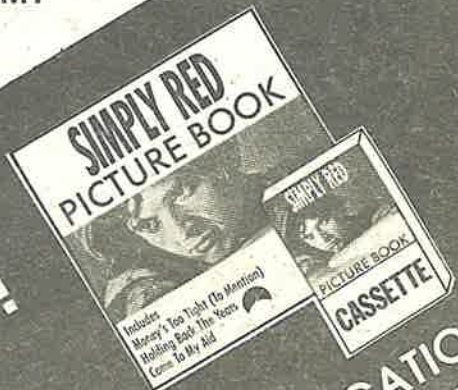


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